

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 859

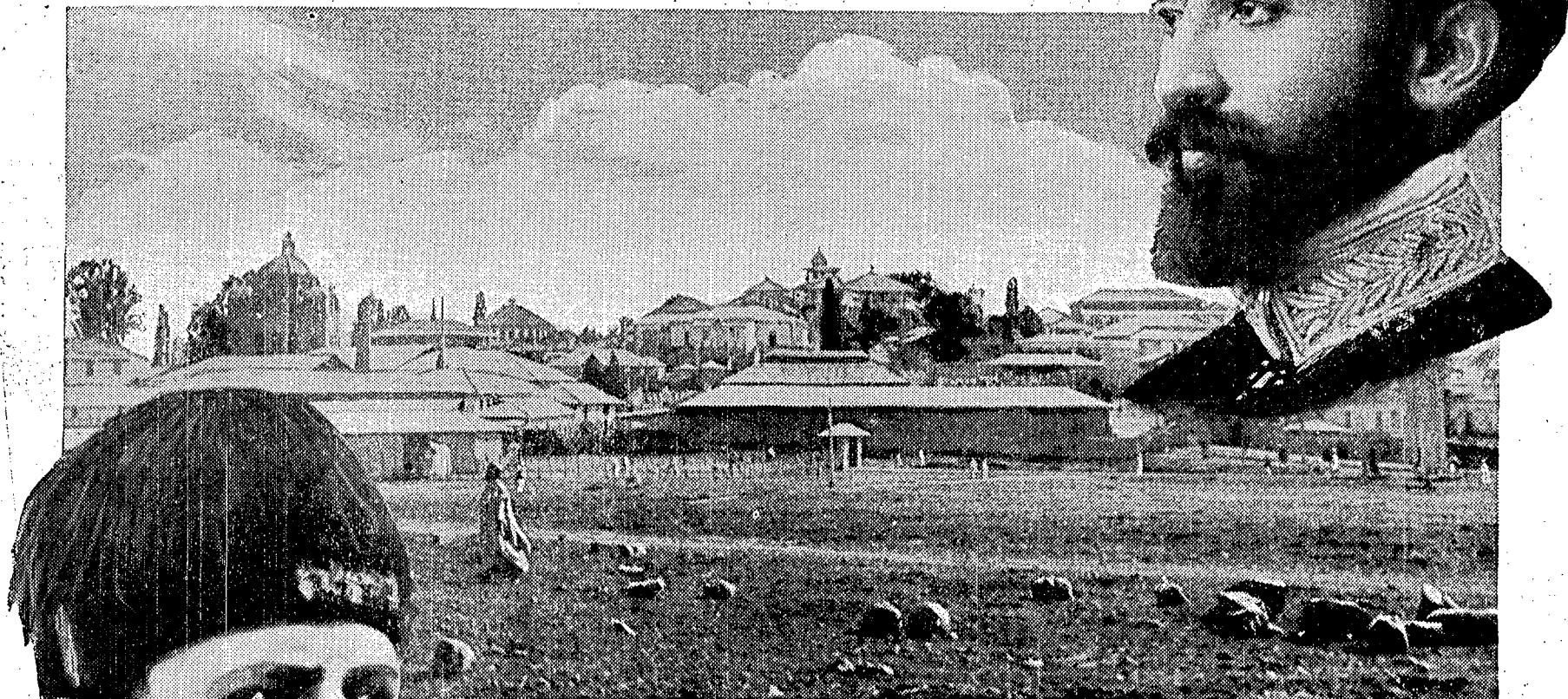
Week Ending
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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The Thread on Which the Peace of the World is Hanging

The C N believes the worst fears of the world in this dark hour will not come true and that the whole world will not be plunged into war again; but the black news must be faced that the Great War is celebrating its 21st birthday by coming within an ace of breaking out again.



Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia; and, above, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia

Signor Mussolini

WHILE these words are being written the world is still waiting for the fateful meeting of the League of Nations; when they are read the world should know if the League is true to itself and if it has the power to save itself.

It is not only the question of Italy and Abyssinia that is before the world; it is the question of whether the one great gain of the war is to be saved or lost. *Is civilisation to be beaten by the methods of the gangster?*

Nobody pretends that Abyssinia is a civilised country. It is more than a backward country—it is barbarous. It practises slavery and the Emperor is powerless to stop it, in spite of his good intentions. It is a rich country and should be developed, and it would be in the interests of Abyssinia and of all

the world that it should receive the benefits of civilisation in some way. A backward country cannot expect to be left alone in days like these when great peoples are wanting room to grow. If we cannot expect to hold Australia unless we people it it is equally true that Abyssinia cannot maintain its independence unless it is civilised.

The truth about Abyssinia is that three countries have been much interested in it for a very long time, Italy, France, and Britain. Almost two-thirds of Abyssinia's frontiers march with British territory. France controls the Abyssinian railway and has a seaport, and Italy, besides having a long Abyssinian frontier in Italian Somaliland, has been recognised by the other two Powers as having a sphere of economic influence in most of the country.

All these countries have signed treaties pledging themselves not to act in Abyssinia except by common agreement. France and Britain have always accepted the claims of Italy to special consideration in any changes that take place in Abyssinia, and there was some understanding of this kind at the time Italy came into the war.

Since the war Italy has become a new country under Signor Mussolini, a blacksmith's son who has raised himself up by his remarkable character to be the

head of this famous nation. He has been wise enough to leave the King on his throne while depriving him of power, and has changed Italy into a Fascist State under an entirely new kind of constitution, with himself at the head.

The new Italy feels that it has two great needs, an outlet for its population and a supply of natural wealth, especially in metals and fibres. Italy has very little of these things.

We must all sympathise with this claim of a great nation to a share of the world's good things, and there is much sympathy felt everywhere with the complaint of Mussolini that Italy was not given a mandate over some of the German colonies after the war. Had that been done the question of Abyssinia need never have arisen. It is fair to assume that Italy expected an opportunity for territorial expansion as a reward for joining the Allies, and, though there are reasons why this was not agreed to, it seems a profound pity that Italy's need for expansion was not settled then.

In looking round Mussolini recognises in Abyssinia a possible Italian Empire, and he has made up his mind that Italy shall have it and that nothing shall stand in his way.

That was how things were done in the old, old, far-off days; but the one good thing that came from the war was the universal belief that such days were ended for ever. No more could a Napoleon arise and stride across the

world with his armies. Millions of men had died to break the power of military despotisms and to guard the sacredness of treaties. There were to be no more broken words among nations.

The League of Nations was witness to the world that mankind had entered on a new chapter. Its members have pledged themselves never to go to war, not to pursue war as an instrument of policy, always to settle disputes by peaceful means; and the Covenant of the League pledges all members to oppose any nation breaking the Covenant.

Italy is bound by the Covenant, by her treaty with France and Britain over Abyssinia, by another treaty made at Stresa, by a treaty of arbitration with Abyssinia itself, and by the Kellogg Pact, not to make war in any circumstances, and Mussolini proposes to tear up all these treaties as mere scraps of paper, exactly as the Kaiser did in 1914. Germany tore up her treaty to respect the independence of Belgium; Mussolini proposes to tear up his treaty to respect the independence of Abyssinia, and four other treaties besides.

Many reasons are given for this strange conduct. One is that Italy is in a grave financial condition and that, like all dictators in trouble, Mussolini seeks to divert the attention of the people by a colonial war. Another reason is that Mussolini has an overweening ambition to make Italy a great nation as in Roman

Continued on page seven

THE EARTH NEVER SLEEPS

UNENDING SEE-SAW OF LAND AND SEA

Floating Mountains and Moving Continents

PROBLEMS STILL UNSOLVED

An Earth always rebuilding itself, moving its continents, throwing up new mountain ranges while the old ones are wearing out, was the picture presented by Professor W. W. Watts, President of the British Association.

A continent sinks as the wind and the rain wash away its surface; an ocean bed rises by the accumulation on it of the waste material from the land and the deposit of its own living chalky-shelled creatures. Thus have been formed strata of chalk rising from the sea and carved into mountains, and thus also layers of sand compressed into sandstone, or submerged forests and marshes solidified into coal.

The Eras of Change

As these changes have taken place the world history of creatures living in the eras of change has marched with them, so that great species of animals, fishes and birds and giant reptiles have come and gone. By fitting together the timetables of both, the quick and the dead, some idea has been gained of the unending see-saw of land and sea, and some glimmering of the reasons for it and the events accompanying it.

But while the Earth was thought of as a slowly cooling body no sufficient reason for the see-saw could be found, and the age of the Earth as computed by one of the greatest of physicists, Lord Kelvin, did not allow time enough for the changes. It became necessary for the geologist to replace oscillations of the Earth crust by a worldwide periodic ebb and flow of the oceans to and from the continents, and to discover some mechanism that could produce the wonderful rhythm.

The Underlying Mechanism

What was there to account for the great epochs of mountain-building often separated by dozens of millions of years? Some such vast spaces of time separated the building up of the mountain systems of the world.

The answer came with the discovery of radium and the radio-active rocks. These, by the heat they generate, are perpetually keeping the rocks below the outer crust of the Earth at a steadily rising temperature. Billions of hidden furnaces are at work melting the crust beneath the crust of the Earth's surface.

This is the underlying mechanism which, rising to a peak, and then having done its work subsiding again, produces over millions of years the pendulum-like movement of the upper crust above the liquefied and expanding lower one.

A Preliminary Explanation

Two effects follow. The unexpanded upper-crust will be too small to fit the swelling interior. Its layers under this tension will crack and suffer rift. Secondly, the great continental masses, which are now truly floating on a fluid under-crust, will sink deeper into it. As a consequence the ocean waters, unchanged in volume, must encroach on the edges of the continents.

Then the pendulum swings the other way. The tides and the slow movement of the continents over what had been ocean floor will now exhaust the heat of the under-crust and it will solidify again. The continents will rise, the waters retreat. Lastly, the expanded crust, left without sufficient support as the under-crust cools, shrinks, and subsides, will begin to suffer sideways stresses. It will be like one of the arches of a bridge from which the supports have been withdrawn. It will

ALL THE WORLD MOURNS A QUEEN

The Tragic Sorrow of the Belgian People

When Belgium mourned the loss of her beloved Queen Astrid the whole world mourned with her.

It was the second time within two years that a cruel blow had been struck at Belgium's royal family, and, as when King Albert fell to his lonely death on a rocky ledge, the accident to Queen Astrid was tragic and terrible and sudden.

But the tale of what happened is one at the very heart of unhappy things. Set aside the thought that here were a



King Leopold and Queen Astrid

royal couple from whom a devoted people expected many years of wise governance, and think only of them as a young man and woman on their summer holiday. They are driving by the Lake of Lucerne, happy and smiling, with not a care in the world or with all cares set aside, when suddenly the most cruel blow that Fate could have in store falls on them. There is no one to blame, the King is himself driving, when, for him as for his beloved companion, the light of the Sun is wiped out. The car, going perhaps too fast round a bend, strikes a tree and the Queen is instantly killed.

There is nothing here except for tears, tears for her husband King Leopold, from whom only long years can lift the shadow of the tragedy in which he played an unwilling part, tears for the children left behind, one not yet old enough to have learned what a mother has been lost. She leaves behind three little ones and a gracious memory of a mother who loved them as she herself was loved by all.

A RAIN OF FROGS

After a particularly hot day a storm broke over Grenoble in the south of France, and in one quarter thousands of green frogs came down with the rain.

In violent storms the air is forced into powerful whirlwinds which suck up anything movable which lies in its course.

We have ourselves seen in England almost a cartload of hay seized up from one field and deposited in another. At sea these whirlwinds become waterspouts and are common enough in the Tropics.

So we may easily suppose that this whirlwind at Grenoble passed over a pond full of young frogs, sucked them up into the air, and deposited them in the streets of Bajalière.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Addis Ababa	Addis Ab-ah-bah
Danakil	Dah-nah-keel
Ichneumon	Ik-nu-mon
Jibuti	Je-boo-te
Mannheim	Mahn-hime

Continued from the previous column

yield, like the skin of a withering apple, and its wrinkles will be mountain ranges.

This is merely a preliminary explanation, and there are many other things to be explained about the position and duration of mountain ranges in such differing positions and angles as the Himalayas or the Andes. But underlying them all is the pulse within pulse which the geologists perceived and radio-activity seems to explain.

ABYSSINIA'S OIL FIELDS

An Awkward Situation

As so often happens in a great crisis a sudden and unexpected event has occurred to complicate the situation in Abyssinia.

All concerned were startled to hear that the Emperor of Abyssinia had granted a concession to an Englishman representing an American Company empowering him to develop the oil fields, to sink wells and make roads, and generally to exploit about half of Abyssinia.

As such a concession must have grave effects by involving Britain and America in the crisis, it was a great relief to know that neither the British nor the American Government has anything to do with this development.

In Italy much capital was made out of the news, and this country was accused of fighting for oil and not for the League, but the Government's denial has been everywhere accepted.

TSHEKEDI IN THE NEWS AGAIN

Chief Tshekedi, the most important native ruler in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, will be remembered for his dramatic suspension and happy reinstatement two years ago. Now he has once more been in the news as a petitioner to the Crown asking for the withdrawal of Proclamations affecting the native courts.

The High Commissioner for South Africa, however, has pointed out that the new Proclamations will improve rather than harm the native system, which has become antiquated, and the Government has refused to advise the King to take any action in the matter.

WISH COME TRUE

Every child knows that if you wish a thing long enough it will come true—at any rate in Fairyland. A wish has just come true in this real world.

It was the wish of a German minister in Copenhagen, Freiherr von Waldthausen, who had been all over the world except Greenland, which he dearly wished to see before he ended his journey through this world. Last July he left Copenhagen and saw Greenland, and there he became ill and went on the last journey from which no man returns. He was 77, and his wish had come true.

£10,000

For the second time in the last few years Mr Hugh Redwood has received a great sum of money to be spent on religious and social work. This time it is £10,000 sent to Mr Redwood by somebody who makes only one condition—that his name shall not be known.

It is a noble condition and the money will be nobly spent, for it is sent to relieve the burden of the work carried on from the Mildmay Conference Centre in North London, which is now conducting a great Evangelistic Campaign.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

It seems likely that the Prince of Wales will soon be the only unmarried prince of our royal house.

Following soon on the marriage of the Duke of Kent comes the announcement that the Duke of Gloucester is to marry Lady Alice Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

COMING TO SEE US

The number of travellers visiting England is increasing.

In July the number was 8000 more this year than last year. Over 60,000 visitors came from abroad, most of them from France and the United States. Nearly 5000 were from Germany, over 3000 from Scandinavia, over 2000 from Switzerland, and over 1000 from Italy.

DEFYING THE NAZIS

Roman Catholics Stand Firm

The continued persecution of the Roman Catholics in Germany is leading to a desperate situation.

An urgent appeal to the millions of Catholics to defend their faith against their enemies was read on Sunday in all the churches. The people were urged to stand firm and were reminded that the Church has conquered the old paganism and will not be crushed by the new.

The appeal was made in a pastoral letter forbidding Roman Catholics to read books and papers or to go to meetings in which their faith is vilified, and they are called upon to bear in mind that when the law of the State comes into conflict with a higher law they must obey God rather than man.

TROUBLE IN GERMANY

When Nazis Disagree

Another sign of dissension in the Nazi ranks has appeared in a quarrel between Dr Schacht, the powerful Economic Minister, and Dr Goebbels, the powerful Minister of Propaganda.

Dr Goebbels censored a grave speech in which Dr Schacht told the German people unpleasant truths, and also encouraged the mob in breaking the windows of a banker's house, the banker being arrested. Dr Schacht vigorously protested and the banker was reinstated: a notable victory over the energetic Propaganda Minister, who had openly boasted of his defiance of the law.

FLYING BY A MAN'S OWN POWER

German's Curious Feat

For the first time on record a man has flown by human power alone.

He is a German, Herr Dunnbeil of Frankfurt, who flew 257 yards in an aeroplane without an engine, and without the aid of the breeze that makes gliding possible.

He has, in fact, employed an aeroplane as a bicycle instead of as a motorcycle, relying on the strength of his muscles to drive an air-screw which propels his machine. The difficulty of taking-off was solved by the use of rubber bands, by means of which the craft was catapulted from the ground.

A LONG LINE BREAKS

By the death of Mr R. Middleton, of Hambleton, Yorkshire, a line of blacksmiths going back 201 years has ended.

The smithy was erected by his ancestor Timothy Middleton in 1734, and throughout the past two centuries was handed down from father to son.

THINGS SAID

No Christian should be a pessimist.

Archbishop of Westminster

First Justice and then, at whatever cost, Peace.

Bishop of Durham

The organisation of peace must be constructive as well as repressive.

Commander Stephen King-Hall

We have pledged our word and we must not go back on it.

Archbishop of York

Don't post at once a letter you have written in anger. Sleep over it, and probably you will burn it the next day.

Bishop of Winchester

Ask the peoples of the world whether they would fight or begin a fresh era of cooperation.

Miss Ruth Fry

It would hardly be unfair to say that Mussolini would be disappointed if he were to achieve his designs without a war.

The Times

September 7, 1935

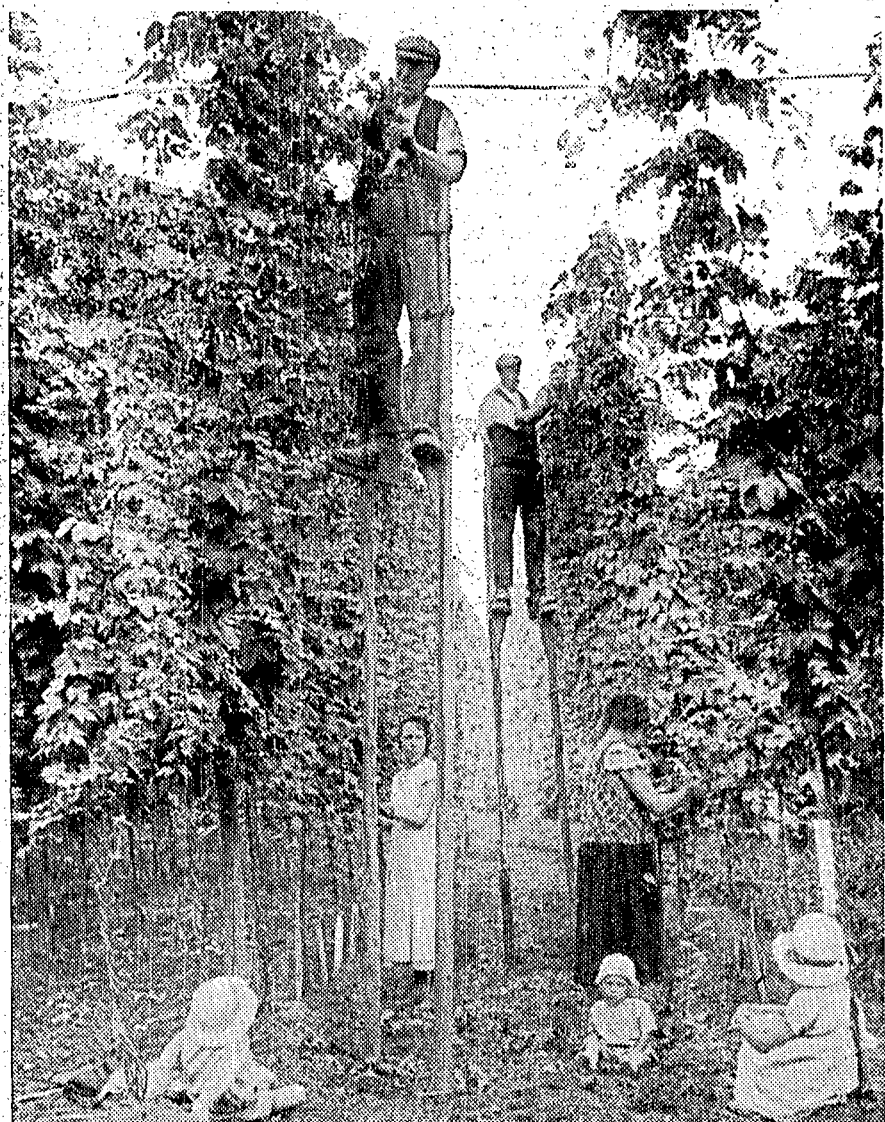
The Children's Newspaper

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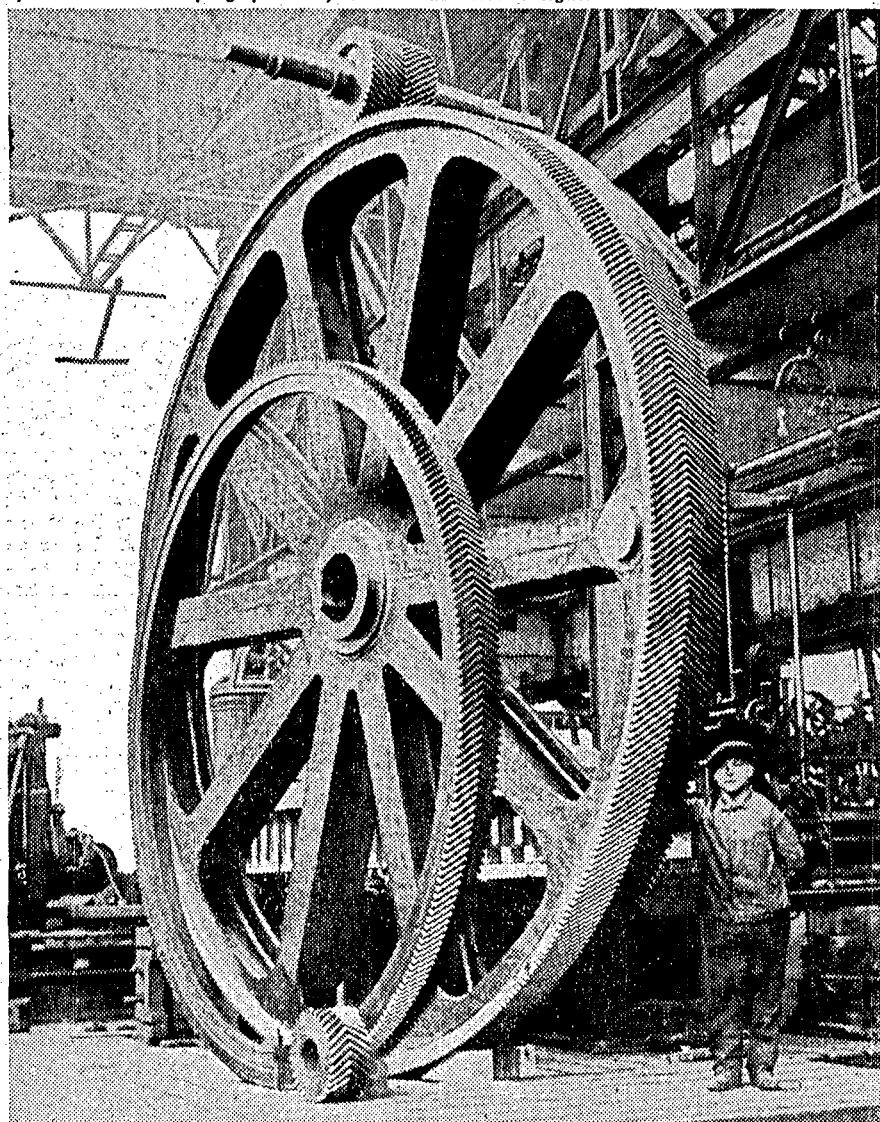
A BUILDER OF BOATS · THE STILTWALKERS · GIANT WHEEL FOR A CRANE



Youthful Admiration—Boys and girls gather round old Joe Wilson on the Harbour Pier at Musselburgh as he puts the finishing touches to his model of a local boat. It is complete in detail, even to the sleeping-quarters, and it has electric light.



Stilts in the Hopfields—At work among the vines in one of Kent's many hopfields where the hopping season is in full swing, numerous London families helping with the harvest.



A Giant Wheel—This huge cog-wheel, more than 16 feet high, was made in the Gelsenkirchen Steelworks in Germany for a gigantic rotatory crane. It seems to dwarf the man beside it.

ARTHUR MEE'S RIDE ROUND ENGLAND

One Hundred Hours of Glorious Life

A man who had not left his desk for ten days in about ten years left it the other day to see the world. It was lucky for him that he was in the rarest little country that God and man ever made together, and he made a ring round it from Kent to Northumberland and back, travelling

1300 miles in 12 days and in 20 counties, seeing 30 castles and cathedrals, crossing 30 rivers, and coming in touch with thrilling events and famous men spanning nearly 20 centuries. This is what our traveller tells us of the things he saw in little more than a hundred crowded hours.

The First Day

WE left our Kent hilltop, four of us, in the dazzling sunshine which never left us. We had made no plans except to sleep where we found ourselves, to live on great heights, and to take our meals as often as possible in a lane.

We made for Gravesend and crossed the Thames to Tilbury, so beginning with that great spectacle of ships which link this little island with the ends of the Earth. We passed through Colchester with its Roman walls and its Norman castle, along the road where men were even then digging up the palace of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, on through Coggeshall to see its famous Paycocke's House, and then to Norwich, where a traveller is bound to pause and ask himself if he need go farther.

We are thrilled to come through the Erpingham Gateway and stand above the dust of brave Sir Thomas Erpingham in this superb cathedral, with its flying buttresses and its elegant spire, its hundreds of Norman arches and a thousand carvings in its roofs. We are spellbound by the Norman castle on the hill, its walls inside still as the Normans saw them, its rooms packed with art and history and curious and enchanting things. We love the winding byways and the overhanging houses, the fine old church that has been so beautifully made to serve God and His people as a museum, and the Strangers Hall which is so friendly to a stranger.

The Second Day

AND then we saw a little of the famous Norfolk Broads, for we took a boat down the river and had lunch as we went through a sort of fairyland of lawns and houses in which every child would want to live; on we went until we turned down a little water lane and found ourselves on Wroxham Broad, with a picture that Progress has never destroyed and never surpassed, the picture of sails in the dazzling sunlight of a breezy day. Who could not spend a holiday like this?

Yet England was calling, and on we went, until we found ourselves in country lanes with not a sign of litter louts for miles, the lanes round Sandringham, where at the turning of the road we saw the King and Queen go by, the King resting after a walk in his garden, the Queen in white and nodding to the little group of people, looking as she looked on Jubilee Day.

And so to Boston with its famous Stump, proudest church tower in England, rising on the banks of the Witham.

The Third Day

ACROSS the Lincolnshire fens our third day takes us, seeing the harvest gathered in the fields the Romans saved from the sea, on to Lincoln, its quaint streets crowned by its great cathedral, carved with a gallery of medieval sculpture which the wind and rain of centuries have not destroyed.

Now we went through busy Doncaster to Selby, looking in at its great Abbey, calling at Stillingfleet to see the Norman doorways and the medieval door, and so to York, with the Sun setting through the great west window and the great west door wide open so that standing by the altar, looking through the choir and down the long nave, the life of the streets passed by like a picture through the wrong end of a telescope. We have time to run through the old streets, to see once more the ancient gateways and look again at the medieval walls, and then we are on to dine and sleep at Helmsley in the moors, after a walk in its noble park and round its ruined castle.

The Fourth Day

WAS the fourth day the greatest of all? We went on that great ride across the moors to where English literature was born high up above the sea; but first we ran to see Rievaulx, the medieval abbey which rivals for its own beauty and its natural setting the indescribable loveliness of Tintern and Fountains. We looked up at it from the lane close by, and down on it from the Earl of Faversham's lovely lawn, a green terrace half a mile long, one of the rarest natural platforms in the world, with Rievaulx Abbey below as it has been 700 years.

Then to Pickering and then to Whitby, over these marvellous moors with that great point where every car must stop and everyone must walk across the heather to look down into a valley deep below, like an oval basin a mile round, with one house at the bottom of it.

Another hour and there was Whitby, with Captain Cook looking out across the sea and the ruins of the abbey against the sky, the cradle of English literature. Here it was that Caedmon the shepherd sang the Song of Creation which came to him in a dream and has remained for all time as the foundation of our poetry. Through miles and miles of marvellous natural scenery we came to that distressful country in which stands one of the noblest things the hands of man have made upon the Earth, Durham Cathedral. There is nothing more stirring to see in England than this majestic fane, and we were just in time for service there, a moving experience to those who know where they are standing, for at the east lies Cuthbert and at the west lies Bede, who wrote his life. Upstairs in the library is a ring found in Bede's coffin.

The Fifth Day

WE leave it all for a melancholy scene, and yet a scene which draws us on—as if one were to see a diamond sparkling in some mean street. We come to Jarrow, sad at heart to see how poor it is, thrilled to find ourselves within the very Saxon walls where Bede would kneel to pray, the light still falling on the altar through a Saxon window. We sat in his chair. We climbed up the steps of the Saxon tower and rang a Saxon bell, and halfway up it we looked out of a window on the Tyne and saw the ships go by, remembering that here stood Bede himself looking out upon a very different world 1200 years ago. Here in this little room he dictated the last chapter of St John, begging his pupil to write faster lest he should not finish it, and here he passed to immortality, to be with Cuthbert and at last to rest with him in the great cathedral.

We leave the cradle of our literature for the cradle of our history, for passing through Newcastle, over the Tyne with its impressive moving scenes, we find ourselves by the wall the Romans built to keep back the Scots, a 70-mile wall across England.

We run along it for some miles before it impresses us, for much of it has gone and much is buried; but this fifth day brings us to Hexham, where those who would see the Roman Wall may well begin. It has a church which all should see, with steps leading out of the nave down to a Saxon crypt, one of the most interesting underground chambers for a hundred miles round, built, we may be sure, from the stones of a Roman station which stood close by.

The Sixth Day

IT stood at Corbridge with granaries and stores to supply the Wall; about one of its 40 acres has been dug out,

revealing the work of the Roman builders. For centuries the ruins of Corbridge stood above the ground, and all who would might come to carry Roman stones away. We may wonder if the little village church is not the most thrilling in these islands, for the Saxons who built it carried across the fields a gateway of the Roman town and set it up as the arch of their tower. Here it stands today, a Roman arch in a Saxon tower to which we come through a Norman doorway.

It is a good beginning for a day on the Roman Wall, one of the noblest rides in England, with a great ditch running with the road for miles and the great Wall climbing up the hills. At Chesters we walk about the fields and see great areas of a town dug out; at Housesteads we climb a hill and walk on the top of the Wall, the world spreading out before us. Well may Kent boast of the Roman walls of Richborough, but this great wall of Northumberland goes on and on, its foundations still in the earth for 70 miles, and at Housesteads it is one of the most spectacular things that have stood since Britain was a Roman colony.

Away from the Wall on either side the green fields of England are glorious in the sun, and the hills roll on and on until they fade away.

The road brings us to Carlisle, and with a glance at the 800-year-old walls of its cathedral we turn down south for the Lakes. An hour or two more and we are riding through lovely Lakeland; once more we are at a shrine of English poetry, in the lanes where Wordsworth walked at Grasmere, in the cottage where he lived for 30 years, in the little room where Charles Lamb and Sir Walter Scott sat reading. And, of course, we stood by Wordsworth's grave, and from it on this lovely summer night we rode to Ruskin's grave and to his home by Coniston Water. We saw the bed John Ruskin died on, and for the first time we realised that as he lay dying his eyes would look across the lake and fall on a medieval manor house in which Sir Philip Sidney lived. In this fine home of Ruskin anyone may stay, and here by chance three old friends met; it seemed a curious thing that, meeting here in homage to John Ruskin, one had come straight from the home of Scott, one from the home of Shakespeare, and one from Wordsworth's home.

The Seventh Day

FROM Grasmere in the morning, past Ruskin's simple grave in the shadow of the Old Man of Coniston, we come down to the greatest English city in the west, calling on our way at the old home of George Fox and Margaret Fell, and at Cartmel Priory.

And now we are in Liverpool, to sleep in the best hotel that England has, to see what we can of the great dark cathedral Sir Giles Scott is building, to saunter by the harbour among the ships, to see the famous statues in its streets and the famous pictures in its halls.

The Eighth Day

IT is hard to leave this wondrous place, but our eighth day brings us through the Mersey Tunnel, one of the Seven English Wonders of the 20th century, a marvellous sight and as impressive a spectacle as any industrial city in the world can show. It has been nobly done, and we are glad to come this way to that other industrial achievement of the North, Port Sunlight, a great man's dream come true. The brightest piece of road we touched in our

1300 miles is by its people's cottages, their gardens all ablaze.

We are soon in Chester, resting in its old cathedral, marvelling at its old houses, entertaining ourselves in its two-storey streets (the delightful Rows), and walking round its medieval walls, the most complete remaining in any English town, with the tower still standing from which Charles Stuart watched his army face defeat. A peep at the massive Norman arches of St John's, and then we are off for a mountain ride into Wales, and a walk in Mr Gladstone's park. We pass through Llangollen and call for tea at the lovely Valle Crucis Abbey, and we rise in the car by the famous Horseshoe Pass to a height at which we seem to look across the world.

The Ninth Day

OUR ninth day brings us into Wales again, through Denbigh, where we run up to the castle with its surprising gateways, into the famous Llanberis Pass with the mighty Snowdon and the little village of Bettws-y-Coed, past the greatest slate quarry in the world (with men looking like puppets as they move about), and on to Carnarvon with its castle looking down on Menai Strait.

The Tenth Day

FROM Carnarvon by a mountain ride we come to Shrewsbury, entertained on the way by the sheepdogs rounding up the sheep, and enchanted in the town by its great castle and its little Dingle, and the old houses and churches everywhere about this birthplace of Charles Darwin. Within a stone's throw stand two spectacles unique in our experience, the round church of St Chad's and the Dingle bright with flowers, a feast of colour wonderful to behold.

Past Shrewsbury coming south stands Stokesay Castle, one of the rarest of our village groups, a fortified manor with a gateway of great beauty; we called for tea, and so on to Ludlow, the matchless town for inn and church and castle and old houses. Who does not love the little round chapel on the castle green? Who does not love the ancient glass in its church windows? Who can forget the timbered front of its famous inn or the Tudor carving in the dining-room? We have few towns like Ludlow, and none with lovelier black and white fronts in its streets. Here was Philip Sidney as a boy. Here Milton's Comus was produced.

Eleventh Day and Home Again

BUT we must on to Hereford, for service in its fine cathedral, and then to Monmouth and the walls within which Henry of Agincourt was born; close by them we pass the school with Geoffrey's window, where it is said that Geoffrey of Monmouth sat writing his Chronicle.

Now we are coming to one of the rides which no traveller ever forgets, down the Valley of the Wye. We come again, as Wordsworth came again, to Tintern Abbey, and on beside the Wye to Chepstow, where we climb to the top of its ancient castle and look over to the Severn, on which our car is soon to be shipped, bringing us to Clifton and its great suspension bridge, across which we run to see its wondrous view. And then on to Bristol, past the university tower, round its cathedral green, so on to Bath with all its memories and all its loveliness; and the next morning, on our twelfth day, home through old Devizes, by Farnham Castle, along the Hog's Back, up Guildford's famous street, and back to Kent again, and the hilltop with the Golden Hind shining in the sun.

There may be no place like England, but in all England is no place like Home.

LETTERS OF LORD NELSON

A Merciful Man

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT ADMIRAL'S CHARACTER

Greenwich Hospital's Museum will be the richer for the new letters of Lord Nelson now on view at Coventry.

For the most part these 33 letters, written while Admiral Nelson was in the Mediterranean between 1799 and 1803 to Sir John Acton, then Prime Minister at Naples, deal with the blockade at Malta. But they are remarkable for the disclosure that nothing ever leaps to light that is not to the great admiral's honour.

In them are some sidelights not altogether unexpected, on his character. He signs most of the letters Nelson, merely, but once permits himself the loftier signature of Brontë Nelson of the Nile.

He always took his own line, and one of the letters marks it when he writes: "I do not do all that Lord St Vincent (his superior) desires, but he will approve my conduct I am confident."

In a letter written after the King of Naples had wished to reward his services by a sum of £60,000 he is clearly uneasy about accepting, and makes some alternative suggestions which would not be nearly as profitable to himself.

But the merciful man that Nelson was is fully revealed in a letter he wrote on behalf of some persons unknown (signified in the letters now by initials) who had been condemned to severe punishment. He begs Sir John Acton to "stop this cruel process. Send away M, G, and P, but forgive a poor old man 75 years of age, blind, and who has lived 50 years in Palermo, and let him here die in peace."

Peace with honour was Nelson's watchword.

THE BOYS AND THEIR CAMERAS

A Public Experiment

The Emergency Relief Bureau of New York has been giving classes in photography to boys and allowing them to photograph anything they chose.

The thoughts of some of the boys turned to the hideous spots of their city and the lack of playing room.

One 12-year-old lad chose a rubbish dump near the East River. The dump was littered with broken bottles, cans, old boxes, and general rubbish. He suggested that this be cleared away to make a clean playground.

Another boy and his playmates used an old splintered dock for sunbathing. He took a photograph of it. Another photograph showed a slum street in which children were playing. Surrounding them was a row of dirty and deserted tenements. The photographer suggested that the slums be demolished to make way for a new building, or the space made available for ball games.

These photographs were submitted to the authorities as evidence of the need for improvements in the poor districts of New York City.

THE LOST SHEEP

Up and Down the Ravines

We are not surprised that a certain famous little lady did not know where to find her sheep.

If the following story is an example of how they behave in our own country a fairy-tale flock might have wandered to the other side of the world.

The other day five sheep arrived at Newton Moor in Cheshire. None of the farmers round about could recognise their markings, and it was not until their presence had been well advertised that they were claimed by a farmer from Hathersage in Derbyshire. They must have travelled 40 miles up and down the moorland ravines!

CRAWLING ACROSS THE CHANNEL

Sixty Years of Defeat and Victory

The season for swimming the Channel is with us once again, and the first man to succeed this year was Mr Haydn Taylor, a dentist of Cleethorpes. It was his first attempt and he took 14 hours 48 minutes.

It was 60 years ago, almost to a day, that Captain Matthew Webb proved that the feat was within man's capacity, but he took 21½ hours.

The breast-stroke was the principal stroke used by Webb, but the next serious aspirant used a back-stroke. He was Montague Holbein, and he got to within a mile of Dover in 1903. In spite of nine attempts he never realised his ambition. His rival, Thomas Burgess, swam the Channel in 1911, taking nearly an hour longer than Captain Webb, and travelling 60 miles against Mr Taylor's 25 miles.

The Channel again remained unconquered till 1923, but since that year 17 men and women have successfully defied its currents. This has been due to the crawl-stroke, which Mr Taylor used at the rate of 24 strokes to the minute, a great achievement for a man of 38.

FILMS IN THE SCHOOL

We are glad that the British neglect of educational films was raised at the World Education Congress at Oxford.

The debate brought out the fact that, while Germany has 10,000 school projectors and Italy is aiming at more, we have only 700. France has over 20,000 machines. As for educational films Britain has only 3000 of all sorts, and many of them are unsuitable for general use.

Visual education is a splendid thing, and so fine an instrument as the cinematograph should be generally used.

NEW ZEALAND'S FUTURE

Lord Bledisloe's Plea

FERTILE LAND AVAILABLE

Lord Bledisloe, home from his good work as Governor of New Zealand, is full of enthusiasm for the Dominion, and urges that it should become the home of a much greater population.

Now it has only some 1,500,000 white people (or say 300,000 families) in addition to some 75,000 of that fine race the Maories.

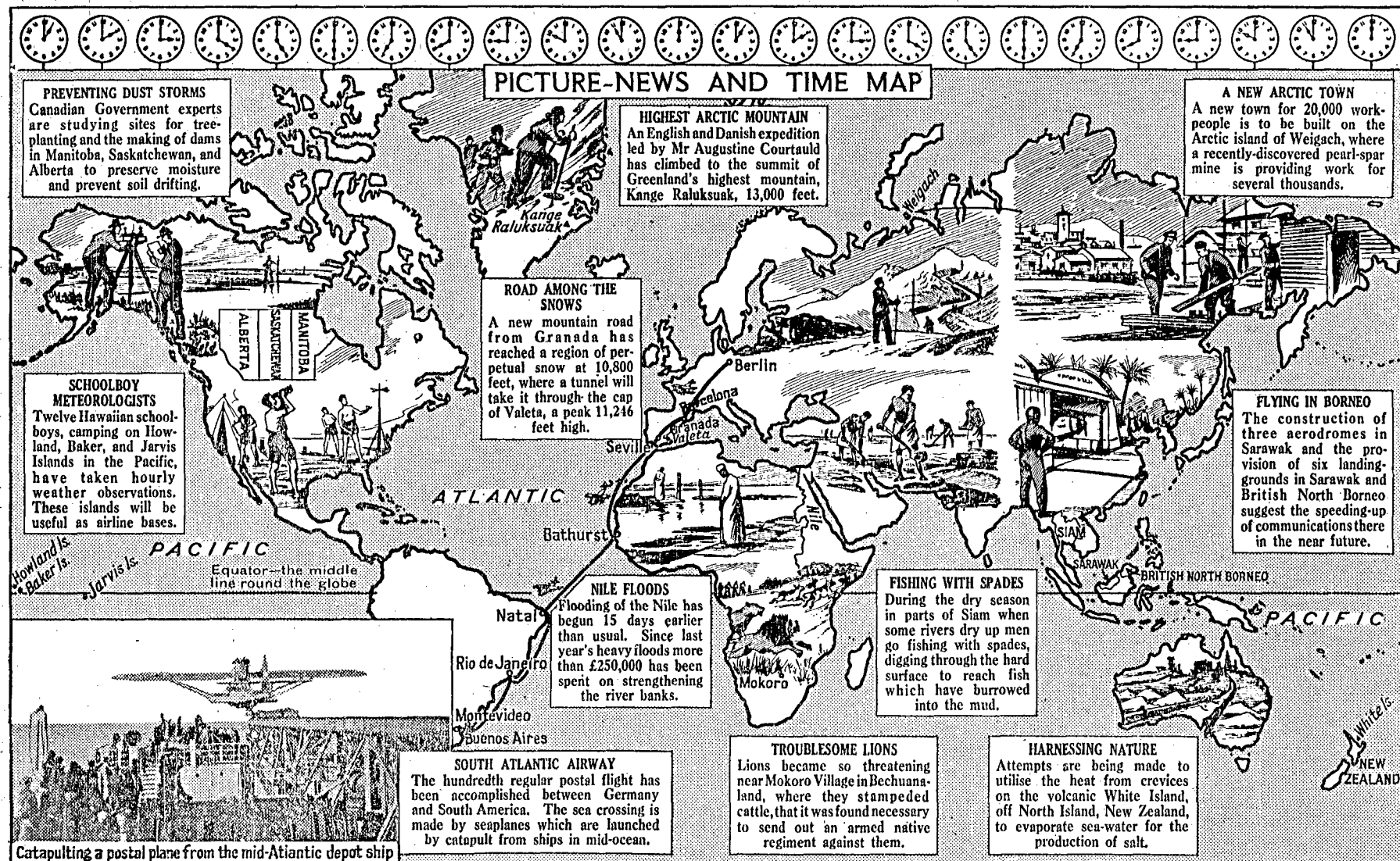
Lord Bledisloe says:

Britain has no defensible right to advocate the retention within her Empire of a quarter of the surface of the globe (including immense areas of unparalleled fertility and climatic salubrity), causing thereby, directly and indirectly, never-ceasing unrest among nations whose large surplus and ever-growing populations inevitably clamour for a place in the sun, unless our own people of every class and vocation go in to possess the magnificent heritage which their forefathers have won for them.

He goes on to point out that many parts of the North Island are particularly well suited for "family farmers," largely self-suppliers, as the soil (especially when mineral deficiencies such as iron, lime, and phosphates are inexpensively made good) is extremely fertile and the climate admits of continuous growth throughout the year.

On the other hand a late New Zealand farmer, Mr A. R. Flint, denies that the Dominion can sustain substantial immigration. He argues that there is very little fertile land in New Zealand, and that we must picture the two islands as masses of hills and mountains with small fertile flats at their bases near sea-level and a few fertile plains among the hills.

We confess that we prefer the faith of Lord Bledisloe. The greater part of Italy is infertile, but it houses 43 million people.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 7 1935

We Wonder Why?

MR CHESTERTON, who has the superlative quality of compelling us to think, whether we agree with him or not, has said that the world will never starve for want of wonders, but only for want of wonder.

We were reading also the other day that children of today have lost that sacred prerogative of childhood—wonderment, spontaneous enjoyment. The film-fed child can never wonder, said the writer, never really enjoy.

To both these we ourselves feel inclined to add: Do wonders make us cease to wonder?

We fear there is some truth in the suggestion that a multitude of mechanical wonders gives us a false conception of the world. A flood of new contrivances is always sweeping by us or over us. When there is a new wonder every morning yesterday's is soon forgotten and tomorrow's makes all too little impression on the crowded mind. It is not easy to sort the important from the unimportant, and what is new too often causes us to neglect the old.

We may contrast the flight of an aeroplane with the flight of a bird. The aeroplane, at its best and with whatever human skill it is contrived and flown, is a clumsy affair compared with a swallow. It is the bird that is truly wonderful, yet it excites no surprise and stirs no sense of admiration in many who follow the flight of aeroplanes. Indeed, we are in grave danger of killing off many species of birds because we have ceased to regard the really wonderful things.

All the processes of life are marvellous, and if we neglect them we neglect life itself.

However, it is not necessary for the kinema or any other human invention to kill wonder. On the contrary, when properly used the film, like the wireless, can be used to excite and magnify the sense of wonder in us all. The kinema, combined with the camera, can show us, for example, the growth of a seedling, the transformation of a chrysalis, the secret of the cuckoo. It is not invention but the abuse of invention that kills imagination.

Because men wondered they built up civilisations. What they have now to do is to preserve the faculty of wonder amid a host of mechanical distractions. It is the fact that man can say *I wonder why* and can set his reason in pursuit of his imagination that has made him master of the world.

Perhaps we may end this little word by saying that *We wonder why* he can do nearly everything in the world except live quietly and at peace with his neighbours.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

BBC English

OUR BBC, which we still think in spite of all the most beloved institution in the land, prides itself on its good English, and it was all the more deplorable therefore to hear it say the other day that something was being done to *help build* the Zambesi Bridge.

It was not, unfortunately, a slip of carelessness, but the adoption of a slovenly use of our mother tongue which is unhappily creeping in.

Down in Cornwall

THE world is supposed to have improved a little in a hundred years, but we hear from a friend who has been staying in Murdock's town in Cornwall that the light was so poor that he could not read at night, while in another Cornish hotel the electric light was turned out at half-past ten, and, whatever happened after that, there was no more light to switch on.

Just Outside the Door

THERE is no limit to the possible wealth, trade, and income in the world. All we have to do is to co-operate to create the amazing prosperity which is just outside the door.

Sir George Paish

The Slovans

IT was very good to see the protest made not long ago by Mr H. B. Vaisey, K C, about bad grammar, wrong punctuation, slipshod English, and misspelling in public announcements. It is a matter to which the C N has often called attention.

Four examples of it have just been seen by us, two in the streets of London, one in a village, and one in a book.

One of the fine coaches running to Caterham actually has on it the painted line, SEATING CAPAITY.

A post office one minute's walk from Camberwell Green has a sign hanging over the pavement, POST OFFICE.

A Wiltshire peace memorial at a cross-roads has a shockingly misquoted verse from Browning.

A valuable book on church brasses has the name CATERBURY in big type.

The murder of English in these days is a very sad thing, but this kind of carelessness is unpardonable.

Little Arthur's Prayer

We give this because it is true, having just happened.

SCENE: Bedtime in the Nursery.

Arthur, small, sturdy, and determined, angel-faced and with golden curls, is saying his prayers:

Give us this day our daily bread... *well buttered.*

We Must Have Rainy Days

Rain and Sun must feed the wheat, Cares and joys make man complete. Sunny days through all his span Make an empty husk of man.

Peter Puck

Pall Mall's Mad Clock

ONCE more the complaint has been made that there are not enough public clocks in the streets of London.

Pall Mall at least has one too many, for this is the fourth year in which it has been wrong, with different times on each side. Public attention has been called to the matter a dozen times, but nobody cares for this poor mad clock. It may be that Pall Mall is old-fashioned and getting out-of-date, but all who pass through this famous street will be grateful for the fine new clock which keeps good time at one of its up-to-date motor shops.



Tip-Cat

A MAN says whenever he crosses the Channel he is ill. But he gets over it.

WHEN you are happy your face lights up. An illuminated sign.

How can I make washing-day easy? asks a correspondent. Wash on another day.

SOME people like bathing at night. Don't regard it as a light amusement.

THE fringe of the sea was dark with heads, says a news report. Many of them bobbed.



Peter Puck Wants to Know

If shallow minds suffer from deep depressions

A VEGETARIAN says we could live on grass. Evidently believes we should cut down our diet.

CRUISES for hikers are suggested. But the hikers would be all at sea.

FILM stars know how to frame their faces, says a fashion writer. And screen them.

MANY portable wireless sets are taken to the seaside. In the hope of finding a new wave length?

A WELL-KNOWN cricketer is an excellent singer. Knows how to get the right pitch.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ON a fine day 2000 children now enjoy Tower Hill beach.

SIXPENNY telegrams increased by nearly a third in the first ten weeks.

JUST AN IDEA

A man is more than a sponge; he is free to reject the bad about him and absorb the good.

War Song

By Our Country Girl

HOOVES of horses, bugles playing,
Sang the boy not six years old,
Round the peaceful garden straying
In the sunshine's morning gold.

And enchanted by his metre
On and on he sang the line,
Thinking tune was never sweeter,
Words were never half so fine.

Little boy, what's that you're singing?
"Just a song I made today."
What comes next? "That's all."
And swinging
Down the path he marched away.

Once again he sang enraptured
To the fruit trees and the birds,
Proud as Shakespeare when he captured
Thoughts divine in mortal words.

HOOVES of horses, bugles playing!
Once it stirred a nation's blood:
In the madhouse some are greying,
Some are drowned in Flanders mud.

Though a baby in a garden
Thinks it still a gallant strain,
Earth and Heaven will not pardon
Men who praise that song again.

This is England

By The Pilgrim

WE heard this story the other day and think it worth passing on to our readers.

A distinguished Dominion statesman visiting England recently was asked by a friend what he would like to see, and replied: "Show me one of the stately homes of England, and then one of the humblest."

Both were found in Yorkshire. The distinguished statesman was taken to Castle Howard, where he was greatly impressed by all the signs of wealth and splendour.

He then motored to a village a mile or two from York. It was Sunday afternoon, and the visitor from the Dominions and his friend came to a cottage in a garden, a cottage the friend knew well, and to a door he had a right to open without knocking.

They went in to find a small room as humble as any in the land. Sitting in a rocking-chair, the one in which the statesman's friend had been rocked as a child, they saw an old lady, white-haired, placid, beautiful, an open Bible on her knee. "My mother," said the Englishman.

"A scene I shall never forget," said the visitor from the Dominions.

A Word From Shakespeare

To Anyone Too Proud

Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Henry the Eighth

THE CALL OF THE ARCTIC

POLAR REGIONS AS A HOLIDAY RESORT?

Planes in Search of Marooned Danish Explorers

FIFTY EXPEDITIONS A YEAR

Three parties of young men are in the Arctic Circle awaiting the coming of the Polar night.

Two of them, the party led by Mr Courtauld in Greenland and the young Oxford explorers in North-East Land, north of Spitsbergen, send enthusiastic reports of their situation and progress. The third, a Danish Arctic Expedition, became stranded and in imminent danger on the ice-bound east coast of Greenland near Cape Berlin.

A Hazardous Flight

Their plight was the motive for a daring attempt to succour them by seaplane. A Danish naval plane with a volunteer crew of three left Copenhagen on a hazardous and extended flight to the place where the four explorers were marooned. The leader of the rescue party was Captain Erik Rasmussen.

From Copenhagen the route planned was to Jutland, then to the Faroe Islands and to Reykjavik in Iceland, and from Iceland across the straits to Scoresby Sound, and so on to Cape Berlin. The plane found the men, and was followed by other planes, but they were rescued when at their last extremity by a Norwegian trawler.

While the party led by Mr Courtauld reached and scaled the towering ice-bound range which is the backbone of Greenland, and returned triumphantly to its base, the Oxford men have settled down in their quarters and have been making preparations to establish a flying-base. Meanwhile they are proceeding with the usual work of explorers in surveying and collecting data and specimens.

Never-Ceasing Attraction

It might be asked, when there is often so much risk and always so much call for hardihood and neglect of comfort, why the Arctic should never cease to attract all that is courageous and enthusiastic in young hearts and minds. The first and chief answer is that there is always the magnet of discovery to attract them.

But another answer is supplied by the address of Professor Debenham to the geographers of the British Association at Norwich.

He pointed out that, if official expeditions of the Russian Government are included, every summer more than 50 groups of investigators go to the Arctic, and if it were less expensive the number would easily be trebled. Only a few of these groups go for scientific work, and still fewer for hunting. They are imbued chiefly with a desire to see strange places and endure strange things.

Rival To the Alps

The desire is a healthy one for the mind and spirit, and it is even likely that in the future the Polar regions may become a holiday resort for the citizens of crowded lands. The Polar regions are in one way the most healthy segments of the Earth's surface, for the simple reason that the ordinary disease-bearers, whether insects or microscopic bacilli, find the conditions impossible. Some day doctors may send their patients to these high latitudes instead of to the high regions of the Alps.

These values may prove even greater than the possibility of establishing air routes for planes over part of the Polar seas, or of extracting wealth from the hidden minerals or power from their rivers of air. In Adélie Land an air river 50 miles wide and hundreds of feet deep moves outward from the plateau at 50 miles an hour for most of the year. What might not windmills make of it?

Two Ways of Ruling the World



This



Or This?

Continued from page one

days. He would like to be remembered as another Julius Caesar and would like to found an empire and win a war.

One small reason which he openly gives himself is that a great force of Abyssinians defeated a small force of Italians 40 years ago at Adowa and that this humiliation must be avenged. It is a childish plea, for most people had forgotten Adowa until Mussolini reminded the world of it, and in any case there was no humiliation for Italy there, for her small force was entirely overwhelmed and Abyssinia took no mean advantage of her victory. But Mussolini is like a duellist who will not be satisfied until blood flows.

When the Rain Stops

He has raised the greatest army under arms that has come together since the war, has called councils of war, conducted mass manoeuvres, and sent hundreds of thousands of men into Africa. He has declared that he will go to war with Abyssinia as soon as the rain stops, and has threatened that if the League stands in his way Italy will leave the League and the war will go on all the same.

What, then, is the League to do? It has lost Japan. It has lost Germany. Is it to lose Italy too?

France, having lately made friends with Italy after years of enmity, is anxious not to offend Mussolini, but she is anxious also to keep the League and all it represents, for her security and the security of all nations lies in the League System by which all members join against whoever breaks the peace. Our own Government stands for the League from beginning to end, but it is anxious to do nothing that will imperil its existence or check its usefulness. It has yet to be seen what would happen if the League took the extreme step of applying Article 16 of the Covenant against Italy, for this Article, declaring that any

member of the League going to war is considered to be at war with all other members, provides for the stopping of all intercourse between the warring nation and the others. So that a decision of this kind would be equivalent to an act of war on the part of the League.

That is the dilemma in which the League finds itself.

There are those who say that the League would be stronger without a nation which breaks its word, for who could trust Mussolini if he tears up all these treaties? There are those, on the other hand (and they are the great mass of the people of the world), who would not sacrifice a single life in going to war if any means on Earth can prevent it.

Menace To the World

The tragedy of it is that it is difficult to see how the war can in any case be confined to Italy and Abyssinia with so many countries concerned in it, for it will affect British territory immediately, the safety of Egypt and India, the trade of Japan, and the lives of the coloured races everywhere, especially through Africa. What Mussolini calls a colonial war of no importance to other nations has in it all the perils of a wider conflict, and no man can foresee the end. We are not bound to be on the side of a slave-owning State in order to be filled with shame at this act of our old friend Italy, for the end of it is farther off than Mussolini thinks.

What all the world hopes is that the League will find some means of stopping Mussolini's adventure even at this late hour. If the destinies of Italy entitle him to break his word they do not entitle him to imperil mankind.

The great hope is that Italy may yet be convinced that it is possible to get more by peace than by war, and that the League may find some means of making it clear that the methods of the gangster are dead in world affairs. There will be

GREENSHIRTS

SOCIAL CREDIT IN ALBERTA

The New Idea That Has Captured the Government

MONEY FOR ALL

Alberta, the great Canadian prairie Province with over 700,000 people, has elected a Social Credit Government.

Led by Mr William Aberhart, Social Credit has swept the polls. Not himself a candidate at the election, Mr Aberhart is to be provided with a safe seat and to be Alberta's new Prime Minister. Our readers know that Canada is a Federal State, in which each Province has a Home Rule Government of its own, while the Central or Federal Government controls the whole Dominion.

Social Credit is a new monetary system invented by Major C. H. Douglas. It is opposed to the present banking system and would increase the people's spending power by increasing currency in proportion to output.

In Alberta the election was won by the promise that under Social Credit a "basic dividend" of £5 a month would be paid to every citizen out of the wealth credited in the Province. It is not clear that this conception is approved by Major Douglas.

Alberta's Great Resources

Opponents laugh at it and say that the dividend-seekers will be disappointed, that £5 a month may be paid for a time, but not for long. They allege that if paper money is printed to furnish the dividend it will have no buying-power.

Mr Aberhart, on the other hand, declares that Alberta has so much natural wealth that he will be able to supply money based on productive work.

He also says that he wants 15 months to "clean things up," so that the "dividend," we suppose, must wait.

We should not laugh at such symptoms of desire for monetary reform, for Alberta, like all the world, has suffered bitterly from the failure of the existing money system. It may not be possible for most of us to discern in these proposals a practical remedy, but we may all watch with intense interest.

Alberta has magnificent natural resources. The forests cover 12,000,000 acres, and there are vast coalfields, natural gas, and asphalt. The population is as small as the resources are great.

The Social Credit battalions have adopted a distinctive green shirt.

Continued from the previous column

worldwide sympathy with Italy in its desire for expansion and room to expand in, but there is worldwide loathing of Mussolini's way to it.

Our own idea is that at all costs the League should decide to stop supplies for any war whatever, and to take the consequences.

That is the idea of the Collective System, all nations joining to resist the war-makers. If war comes the settlement will have to be made round a table after hundreds of thousands of lives have been lost. It would be far better to make the settlement before the war begins. It is not beyond the wit of man to do it, for the League itself must be willing that Abyssinia should be civilised and developed under wise control, and there is little doubt that Italy could find her opportunity more surely and quickly round a table than on the battlefield.

If Mussolini defies the League, the League should defy Mussolini by withholding the supplies he will need from its members. The League cannot fall to the level of Mussolini and break its solemn word. In that case there would be no international body whose word could be trusted, and international cooperation is at an end. The world would be once more at the mercy of a bandit and a gangster and there would be no security for any people.

Can This Ever Happen? MAN MAY FIND A NEW SENSE

Two of the world's greatest chemists were watching a fire near Mannheim many years ago.

The flames were bright red, for it was a chemical factory that was ablaze, and the chemicals coloured the flames as they colour the flames of children's fireworks. "If only we could know the nature of a chemical from the colour of it in burning!" said Bunsen, one of the chemists, and in a very little time his thoughts came true.

Lime thrown into a fire colours the flames red, potash colours them violet, and so on. But imagine the almost incredible progress that has been made in colour analysis when a famous firm announces a new instrument which will show at a glance, by its *invisible colour*, the amount of Vitamin A in a pint of fish-liver oil!

A ray of light from a very hot flame into which is introduced a tiny scrap of an unknown substance will become tinted in a way which today divulges its inmost secrets to man. That ray, split up into a rainbow spectrum by a glass prism, will be seen to contain certain bright but pure colours, and by means of man's new sense, the spectroscope, he can measure the wavelength of the rays to which the colours belong and can identify the substance.

A great scientific thinker has recently suggested that one day we shall develop a new sense, a spectroscopic sense, just as many scientists believe that one day human beings will develop a wireless sense like that of many insects, and be able to communicate with one another *without instruments*. Most animals possess an instinct which protects them from eating anything poisonous; no monkey will ever touch a poisonous herb. This is the sort of spectroscopic sense which thousands of generations might create as the result of our new experiences with rays of all kinds. The human eye is very incomplete, despite

its marvellous powers. It sees only an insignificant fraction of the myriad rays seething around us. We can photograph or measure an infinity of rays to which the eye is blind. New instruments are constantly being devised which enable us to make chemical tests of indescribable delicacy or to measure the motion of a star.

The great chemist Berzelius tells us of a woman who could distinguish chemicals by merely touching them with her finger-tips; similar types of things have been recorded from time to time, so that it is not too much to wonder if in some future age a new sense may be developed in man which will add to his sight something of the powers of the spectroscope and the photographic plate. It would be as if the marvellous power man puts into the things he makes became a part of himself, as if the cleverness he invents were able at last to dispense with its own machinery. Incredible as it may seem, who in an age like ours shall say that anything is impossible?

£30 AND A GOLD MINE Tale of a Famous Book

Baroness Orczy, speaking at a literary luncheon the other day, told how she had sent her novel *The Scarlet Pimpernel* to publisher after publisher in vain.

At last, when she was very discouraged and worried, a publisher offered to buy it outright for £30. A fortnight later he wrote to say that his firm had reconsidered the matter and would not publish the book after all.

It must have seemed a very dismal blow, but it was the greatest bit of good fortune that could have happened to the sad young authoress, for she would have sold a gold mine for £30. The book was published at last, and it seems as though it will go on being published for ever.

MUSSOLINI'S ROAD TO MOSCOW?

WHAT AN ABYSSINIAN WAR WOULD BE LIKE

Trailing an Army Through Unknown Country

APPALLING DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME

With the Italian armies encamped on the shores of the Red Sea and Signor Mussolini still reluctant to permit the League to resolve his quarrel with Abyssinia people are already discussing what will happen if there is war.

Will the Duce meet his Moscow with dire loss of life to his soldiers and of prestige to himself? Or will he win a success like that of Lord Napier at Magdala 67 years ago? Will the Italian forces avenge or repeat that tragedy of Adowa, where their army of 14,500 men was overwhelmed by some 100,000 Abyssinians in 1896?

Nature of the Country

It is true that the so-called civilised European has perfected to an amazing degree his weapons for inflicting rapid and overwhelming blows by aeroplane and tank, whereas the Abyssinian has only rifles, most of them antiquated; but in a war other factors play a part.

The low standard of social life in Abyssinia itself is one of these factors, and the lack of roads, bridges, and railways will hamper the invader much more than the defender. The country is unsurveyed and there are no maps of any use to a staff planning a campaign.

Most of the interior is a high table-land broken up by mountain ranges and uncrossable ravines; the remainder consists of waterless plains covered with rough grass five feet high, and at the extreme north is a desert, dropping in the Danakil depression to as much as 400 feet below the level of the Red Sea.

8000 Feet Above Sea-Level

In Danakil very few live, for the temperature often rises to 150 degrees; on the plains villages are few, for the heat is tropical and the soil heavy after rain. The majority of the people therefore live on the highlands. They are accustomed to the rarer air, but Europeans are not, and no army in full kit could march very fast at the average height of 8000 feet—even in those rare tracts where the going is good.

There is only one narrow-gauge railway, which is under French management, in this land of 350,000 square miles. Normally its trains run by day only, taking three days to cover the 486 miles between Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, and Jibuti, the port of French Somaliland.

There are a few metalled roads out of the capital, but 1000 miles of earth and gravel routes and 2000 dirt trails complete the communications. Mules, donkeys, pack-horses, and, in suitable areas, camels, carry the country's goods; and so active are the people that they can run beside their beasts of burden for hours.

A Mobile Race

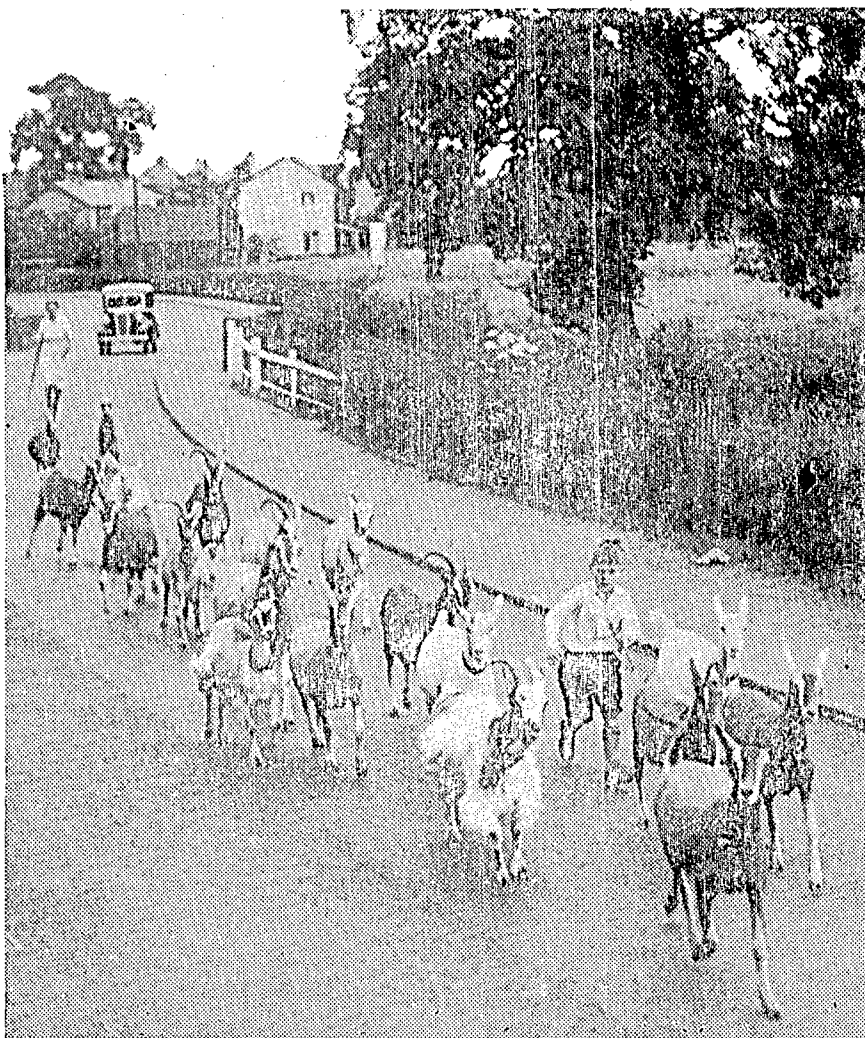
The Abyssinians, indeed, are among the most mobile in the world. They can eat anything and prefer their meat raw. So they can readily adapt themselves to a nomadic life, and indulge in that guerilla warfare which breaks the hearts of all invading armies.

The water problem, the transport problem, and the appalling difficulty of the mountainous country will make even a swift blow at the few chief towns a task which will cost much in life and treasure. To establish domination with secure communications between military posts in a land of fierce warriors, united at least in a hatred for the foreigner, against a foe they have learned to despise, is certainly no light undertaking.

A Man, a Flame, a

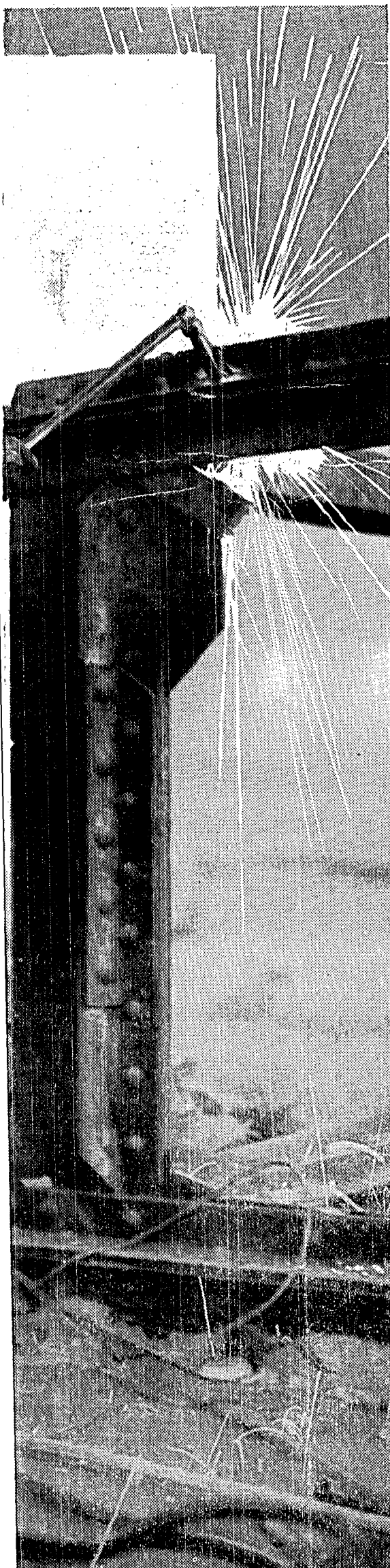


Demolishing unwanted steelwork presents no difficulty to the girders of the arena in the old Earl's Court Exhibition grounds.



Home From the Pastures—A herd of goats is an unusual sight on the roads of England, yet the scene shown in our picture is a daily occurrence on the highway at North Weald in Essex when the goats are taken from their pastures at milking time.

nd a Bar of Steel



with the oxy-acetylene flame. This man is cutting through on the site of which a great new exhibition centre is to rise.

THE LITTLE HIDDEN STREAM

Creek That Flows Under a City

NEW ZEALAND'S FLEET STREET

A New Zealand reader of the C N writes to tell us of the rushing rivulet that flows under the main business street of the city of Auckland, a city of a quarter of a million people.

Just as the Editor of the C N has his office "above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet," so there are all the signs of a bustling young city over the creek that has for centuries drained the little valley on which the seaport city of Auckland was planned in 1840 by the first Governor of New Zealand.

The settlement has grown into a fine city in 95 years, and the creek has for many years been hidden from view under the paving of Queen Street, which follows the old course of the creek from the harbour to the top of a ridge a mile inland.

Named After Queen Victoria

Queen Street (named by the loyal settlers in honour of Queen Victoria) is lined by all the biggest shops and offices in Auckland City. Electric tramcars pass down it in an endless stream, and perhaps nowhere else in New Zealand can one see so many people and cars together in one street. The stream of traffic passes along this busy street; the stream of water flows in pipes underneath the paving. Of course nobody can see Auckland's hidden stream, and most people never give a thought to it.

But in the early days of the settlement the stream was not hidden, and in wet weather it made its presence known. An elderly man who lives in this vastly-changed city recalls that his father was drowned in the early days through slipping off the single plank that served as a bridge over this turbulent stream in flood time.

The mouth of the stream was known as the Ligar Canal. Now the waterfront has been reclaimed and altered out of all recognition, the little stream has vanished under the pavement, and great city buildings have taken the place of the dwellings of the pioneers.

Men may come and men may go, but the little creek of old Auckland flows on in its underground channel.

PLAYMASTER TO THE FORCES

So Many Children

BUT HE KNEW WHAT TO DO

We have heard it whispered that from some parents a sigh of relief went up when school began again. Surely this was not true, but we may be excused for thinking that perhaps Mr Daniel Lloyd was glad when the holidays finished.

For during August he could hardly eat his lunch in peace: he was too popular. Hundreds of children hung on his every mouthful, for was he not playmaster to the young folk of Fulham, and had they not come out in force to be entertained by him?

Mr Lloyd was appointed by the Fulham Borough Council to organise games in the parks, and under his direction races were run and concerts given by the children themselves. They were not only out of mischief; they were out of danger too.

*Boys and girls, come out to play!
There's races in the park today!
Join the throng of hastening feet,
And come with your playfellows out of the street.*

The idea was to keep the children out of the way of traffic while they were at play. It was so successful that next holidays we may expect to see many more playmasters in the parks.

A Very Strange Centenary

ROBINSON CRUSOE WITH A CONTINENT

HAS anybody noted the strangest centenary of our time, the centenary of the return to civilisation of a Robinson Crusoe who had, not one Man Friday, but a whole tribe of them, and for his island a continent of three million square miles?

Had he had his way there would have been no Victorian Era.

This Crusoe was William Buckley of Macclesfield, a man of magnificent stature, 6 feet 6 inches high, and of great strength, who, becoming a soldier, reached Gibraltar, where with six others he mutinied because the military governor had forbidden the garrison to enter the drinkshops.

On Christmas Eve in 1802 they broke out of quarters intending to shoot their commander. Three of them were shot, but Buckley was transported to Australia. In the following year he escaped into the bush with two companions, who perished of starvation while endeavouring to find their way back to the bondage from which they had fled.

When almost at the point of death Buckley stumbled on a newly-made native grave, crowned by a broken spear left by Blackfellows to mark the last resting-place of a dead chief. He was carrying the spear in his hand when he met his Men Friday, members of the dead man's tribe.

They recognised the spear; they thought they recognised in Buckley their dead chief restored to life, his language forgotten, his stature increased, his appearance ennobled by the mystic change they supposed him to have gone through in the spirit world.

They accepted him as their king, clad him in kangaroo skins, taught him their arts in hunting, fishing, and snaring; and gave him a native wife. For 32 years he reigned and ruled, restraining his subjects as far as possible from war and cannibalism.

Exactly a hundred years ago his wheel of destiny revolved once more. Natives

appeared in camp with handkerchiefs which they had stolen; and, tracing the handkerchiefs to their owners, Buckley found a company of white men who had sailed from Tasmania to set up a new city on the Australian mainland.

A shaggy and uncouth figure, he approached them, to find that he could no longer speak his native language. After a time memory and English speech returned, and William Buckley the convict, after a generation of barbarism, helped, as guide and intermediary with the cannibals, to found Melbourne, capital of the State which, formerly known as Port Phillip district, was named after Queen Victoria in 1851.

It was her father the Duke of Kent whom, 17 years before her birth, Buckley had plotted to murder at Gibraltar. Had the plot succeeded there would have been no Queen Victoria and no Victorian Era. All's well that ends well. Buckley was pardoned, returned to civil life, enjoyed a pension, and lived till he was 76, when he was killed by a fall in Tasmania.

THINGS WE SHOULD KNOW

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Sir Daniel Hall, speaking of rural schools, demands for the children, as an "indispensable element," a grounding in general science, by which he means "an introduction to the broad basis of everyday life that will give them some knowledge of air and water, fire and light, weather and climate, how a plant grows and how a motor-cycle is driven, how a body is fed and kept in health."

Of course, but surely not for rural schools only. It is the town mouse even more than the country mouse who needs understanding, for it is common knowledge that the country mouse has more natural sense than his friend in the town.



A Mountain of Empty Homes—This girl at Leigh-on-Sea is not engaged in carrying baskets of shingle. The mound consists of empty cockle-shells, Leigh being an important centre of the cockle industry. The girl, Miss Letitia Dench, helps her father in his business.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Preserving the Scene of Their Story

A TALE OF OLD VERONA

More than 600 years after her death Juliet Capulet is to be honoured with fitting dignity in Verona, the city of her birth; and tribute is also to be paid to Romeo.

The immortal lovers owe their new dignity to a man born 260 years after them. Shakespeare enshrined their story in one of the most exquisite dramas of love and tragedy ever written. Their tragic tale was told by Italian, Spanish, and French writers; it was given to English readers in translation, and as the foundation of another story.

The House in a Slum

Shakespeare took his facts from a translation from crude raw material, passed it through his matchless brain, and in 1591, when he was 27, gave the world that version of the history which makes the tragic young lovers live for ever.

Not long before Shakespeare had already in fancy visited Juliet's birth-place for the setting of a preceding play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; but it is the two young lovers and their unhappy fate that endear the old city to the world. True, the city has a fine cathedral and, next to the Colosseum, the greatest Roman building in Europe, but it is as the home of the Juliet immortalised by Shakespeare that it is remembered.

Romeo's house, home of the Montagues, is hopelessly embedded in a slum, but Juliet's tomb is now in a modern church, and her house stands in the Via del Cappello, saved for all time, we hope.

Until a few years ago only the front wall of Juliet's House, as it is called, was a national monument; the interior, like those of so many old Italian palaces, was let off in mean flats. One bracket of the balcony on which she stood that marvellous night when Romeo came to woo and win her is treasured in safety.

The Magic Orchard

But through the gateway by which Romeo went to the ball mules and horses used to make their way to stables flanking the magic orchard where Romeo saw and heard and spoke to her.

The stables and the flats are closed; failing walls have been strengthened; Juliet's House is to be a shrine consecrated to her memory, a library and museum where will be collected all the literature and pictures relating to her story.

Shakespeare's play is the inspiring cause of this reform, and in honour of him Verona is now to have a yearly festival at which his plays will be produced in the theatre the Romans built there.

DEAR FRUIT

World Shortage of Apples

Dear fruit in a glorious summer is a great misfortune.

All sorts of fruit are very dear, from apples to gooseberries and from grape-fruit to plums. The disastrous frost in May accounts for the home shortage, and unfortunately all the world is short of some essential supplies.

The Imperial Economic Committee reports that the fruit crops of the world have declined in the last few years. World apple output shows a substantial fall. The United States, the biggest apple producer, has sadly diminished crops.

So with oranges. In 1933 output fell to 5½ million tons, against 5½ millions in 1932, and this year supplies are very poor.

It also seems that the banana supply has diminished, though there are no definite figures available. Grape-fruit is much dearer than last year.

MOW COP

New Pilgrim's Way

There is to be a new Pilgrim's Way in England.

It will lead to the old landmark of Mow Cop between Cheshire and Staffordshire, and some time this year 100,000 Methodists will take it, to gather at the shrine of the foundation of their Church.

On this spot 123 years ago the Primitive Methodists, only a handful then, assembled to mark by an open-air service on the hill the foundation of their faith. Their place of worship was then near the odd Mow Cop Castle, built according to the fancy of Randle Willbraham about 30 years before.

This is not the only memory of the sturdy Methodist faith which Mow Cop holds. Four of the Labour pioneers of last century, Thomas Burt, Ralph Senwick, William Harvey, and Barnet Kenyon, were local preachers in the Primitive Methodist Church.

The 100,000 who will assemble in Mow Cop's four acres, which have been made a perpetual shrine through their taking over by the National Trust, will be no longer Primitive Methodists only, but members of the United Methodist Church.

No more striking tribute could be paid to the unity and purpose of the Nonconformist Conscience.

LIGHT ACROSS THE OCEAN

Minister Touches a Button

Dusk had fallen on the Canadian Exhibition at Toronto when the British section suddenly burst into a blaze of electric light.

It had been lighted up by a man sitting in a room at Hove in England, 3600 miles away. The man who pressed the button was Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions, who had sat up till past one o'clock in the morning to do it.

Faster than the Sun, or the rotating Earth, the electric impulse had travelled from the Dominion Secretary's house to Hove Post Office, then to Tower Chambers, Moorgate, and from there across England to Porthcurno in Cornwall, and across the Atlantic Ocean to Harbour Grace in Newfoundland.

Only a bit of a second had been taken by that lightning passage; and the second was not over before it had gone through Halifax and Montreal to reach Toronto, where our High Commissioner in Canada and his audience were expecting it. It might be said that literally they had not a moment to wait.

LIQUID DYNAMITE

Petrol in the House

The list of petrol accidents grows ever longer, and it cannot be too widely known that it is extremely dangerous to bring it into a house. Petrol gas mixed with air is as powerful as dynamite.

An American writer tells of a demonstration made by the New York Fire Department. A fireman lays a handful of cotton waste, barely moistened with petrol, in the higher end of a sloping sheet-iron trough, 25 feet long, and the demonstrating officer places a lighted cigarette-lighter at the opposite end.

In about 30 seconds a blue ball of flame leaps round the cigarette-lighter and with amazing speed rolls all the way back the uphill path to the cotton waste, which bursts into fire at the contact. Not more than a tablespoon of petrol is used, yet it is ignited by a tiny flame 25 feet away.

As the same thing could be done at 20 yards the moral for the housekeeper is obvious. Even using an electric light switch in a room where petrol is exposed may cause an explosion.

There is only one remedy; *never bring petrol into the house.*

POOR BRER RABBIT

Victory of His Quiet Perseverance

LAWS DEMANDED

The rabbit is an outstanding example of what may be done by perseverance.

He is not very beautiful, not very clever, not very bold. He just carries on with his job, excavating, cherishing his latest family, and providing entrances and exits—especially exits—to and from his homestead. So far he has beaten man by this gentle perseverance.

The farmer is increasingly troubled. He traps and shoots and snares. He resorts to poison gas. Still the rabbit multiplies. This year a plague of rabbits is reported from all the shires.

Now legislation is called for to compel all landowners to take action under penalty for disobedience. The rabbit damage this year is estimated at hundreds of thousands of pounds.

A humane rabbit trap is much needed; the common trap is a horror, and shooting does not always ensure death, for rabbits have a surprising tenacity of life and a wounded one may live for hours.

Poor Brer Rabbit; we wish we could always afford to love him!

THE SLUM SLAYER

A Sad Hour For St Pancras

It is a sad time for St Pancras. Father Jellicoe has died in his 37th year.

From a country rectory and the love-fulness of Oxford he went to work in the slums. He was horrified at the homes his parishioners lived in and could not rest till something was done to mend matters.

So he founded the St-Pancras House Improvement Society, which gave people decent homes instead of foul slums, and charged them the same rent as before.

The Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Hilton Young all helped the scheme; and the Society is now tackling three other areas where people live like animals instead of housed like citizens of a great empire.

One of the strangest tributes to John Basil Jellicoe was paid when a firm of brewers asked him to control a public-house in Stibington Street. No spirits were sold there, games and a roof garden were provided, and a restaurant was added; in fact, everything was done to distract men from drinking.

Father Jellicoe knew that men who fight shy of recreation centres will go to a public-house for company and change, but he determined that they should find both without being obliged to drink.

A good many of us think that people would be better, and the roads safer, without any alcohol at all, but if there must be public-houses we wish they could be like this.

HOLDING THE PASS

The Salvation of Glencoe

The Pass of Glencoe has been saved by the National Trust for Scotland.

Its name, deeply graven on Scottish hearts, was for long a bitter memory because of the ruthless extirpation of the McIans of Clan MacDonald who lived there in the time of William of Orange. Only a few stones mark the dwellings of the clansmen who were slain.

But the glen, beautiful in the seclusion of the Argyllshire mountains, has been threatened with a worse obliteration in the present century, for a motor-road has been driven through the vale where before were only rugged road and rushing river, and tea-houses and tourist caterers have marred the ancient tragic loneliness.

But a stop has been put to the further disappearance of Glencoe's dignity and solemn beauty by the National Trust's purchase of 2000 acres of the glen.

The tourist will still find it, and be welcome, but he will be better able to see it as the Clan MacDonald left it.

THE ZOO BY NIGHT

EYES THAT GLEAM LIKE LAMPS

Four Rare and Interesting But Gruesome New Arrivals

THE VAMPIRE BATS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Thursday evenings at the Zoo have been so popular that it has been decided to extend them into September. Thus visitors will have an even better chance to study the inmates by night.

By day the most popular animals are the elephants, bears, monkeys, and large cats; but when dusk falls a new type of favourite springs up. The elephants are no longer anxious to attract attention, and the bears lie down and doze. The monkeys either retire to bed or yawn openly. The lions and tigers, however, are still a draw because they are alert and restless, and even the tamest specimens look wicked when their eyes are like lamps; but the chief attractions are the floodlit enclosures and the animals who are seldom seen during the day.

Artificial Moonlight

The Rodent House is dimly illuminated by moonlight lamps, and all kinds and sizes of rats and mice, galagos and bats, wake up and, mistaking the artificial moonlight for the genuine thing, show themselves boldly. Large snakes move about, showing off their great length; glow-worms gleam on a little island near the Insect House; the kinkajous and other nocturnal Zoo pets are wide-awake and inviting attention.

The latest arrivals are extremely rare and interesting, but gruesome rather than attractive. They are a quartet of vampire bats, the first of their kind to be exhibited in any European menagerie. They come from the West Indies and live by draining blood from the veins of other living creatures. To those who expect a vampire bat to be a large animal which fans its victims into a hypnotic state by flapping its wings the newcomers will be a disappointment. For the vampire bat is tiny and, apart from two long, sharp, evil-looking teeth, it is not remarkable in appearance.

The Zoo's quartet are only about four inches long and their colouring is mouse-brown, but their teeth are noticeable, and with these teeth they quickly make a groove in the skin of horses, cattle, sheep, and other mammals, including man, and then lap the blood as it flows from the wound.

How the Bats are Fed

The Zoo's vampire bats naturally cannot feed in their normal manner, but as they must be given an exclusive diet of blood a rabbit has to be killed every day to provide them with nourishment. The blood is offered to them in a bowl, and at dusk they begin to lap it just as a cat laps milk. Each of them takes a wineglassful during a night, and its body then becomes distended and bloated for a short time.

They have been allotted a specially designed cage in the Tortoise House. This has two compartments, so that the bats can be shut away when the keeper cleans out their home, and it has a sheet of glass in front of it. These precautions are to prevent the creatures from taking an unofficial meal at the expense of visitors or keepers.

Usually the big toe is the spot chosen by the bats when they attack human beings, but the Zoo specimens have shown a tendency to dart at the hands of their keepers.

Bouquets of flowers can be obtained from automatic machines in Berlin.

In 1934 more than half of the tea exported in the world was drunk in the United Kingdom.

VENUS AT HER NEAREST

A Rare Telescopic Spectacle

PASSING BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus, which will pass between the Earth and the Sun on Sunday, September 8, will then be in what astronomers call *inferior conjunction* with the Sun and about 26 million miles away.

Venus thus comes nearer to us than any other major planet and 8,600,000 miles nearer than Mars ever does; but unfortunately this, as a rule, is the time when Venus is quite invisible to us because her night and unlit side is turned toward the Earth.

On this occasion, however, Venus passes so far south of the Sun that a slender crescent of light will be visible over the top of the planet's otherwise invisible disc. There will thus occur a good opportunity for getting more precise measurements of her diameter by measuring between the cusps of the crescent as seen through very powerful telescopes; these will reveal Venus even though the Sun be only $8\frac{1}{2}$ degrees away. At present her diameter is considered to be between 7600 and 7700 miles, or nearly as much as that of the Earth.

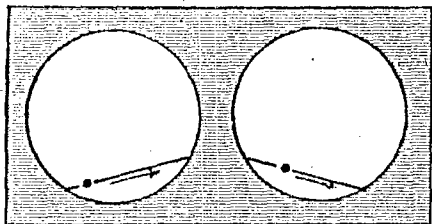
A Morning Star

The event will occur in the morning, Venus passing from east to west and being slightly to the right of due south of the Sun at midday, Greenwich Time, or 1 p.m. Summer Time. She will then be about 17 times the apparent width of the Sun away from him.

Pursuing her westward course Venus will become a "morning star," and in about three weeks time a brilliant object in the eastern sky an hour or so before sunrise.

It is unusual for Venus to pass, when at her nearest, so far below the Sun. What astronomers most appreciate is for Venus to pass directly between the Earth and the Sun, when a transit of Venus occurs and she appears as a small black disc measuring about one-thirtieth the apparent diameter of the Sun's disc, which, silhouetted against his brilliant face, gradually travels across it.

The most impressive moments are when Venus begins the transit and just as it finishes. Then there is seen a



The path of Venus across the Sun in the last transit of 1882 (left) and the next in 2004 (right)

brilliant ring of light round the dark disc of the planet as it emerges from off the Sun's face; this is produced by the sunlight passing through the deep and dense atmosphere of Venus.

The last time a transit of Venus occurred was on December 6, 1882; but not until June 8, 2004, will one happen again. This is to be regretted, for, apart from the impressive spectacle, given fine weather, it is one of the important events of astronomy, to get an observation of which scientists will travel thousands of miles.

Its chief value has hitherto been due to it providing the means for measuring very precisely the distance of the Sun from the Earth, and so obtaining the basis of all celestial distances and measurements; for upon this depends the accuracy of the base line provided by the diameter of the Earth's orbit, but this can now be obtained by other methods. G.F.M.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

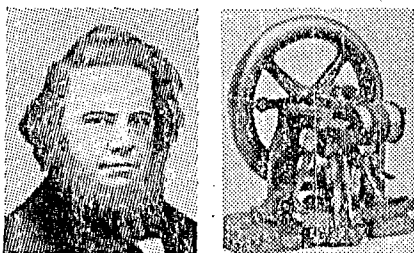
Elias Howe, the Women's Friend

Sept. 8. Richard Lionheart born at Oxford 1157
9. William the Conqueror died at Rouen 1087
10. Elias Howe patents his sewing-machine 1846
11. James Thomson, poet, born at Kelso 1700
12. John Sobieski saved Austria from Turks 1683
13. James Wolfe died at Quebec 1759
14. Dante, Italian poet, died at Ravenna . 1321

The Sewing-Machine Man

Elias Howe, the son of an American farmer, was one of the world's great inventors, for the thing he made is now in almost every home.

While he was yet a youth it struck him that a sewing-machine would save an immense amount of labour, and from his 22nd year he worked at making one. In



Elias Howe and his sewing machine

five years it was ready and patented. Still the inventor remained poor, so poor that he sold the English rights of his machine for £250.

Then other people started stealing his patents, and he fought them for ten years in the law courts till he proved he was the true inventor. After that other manufacturers had to pay for the use of his ideas, and he became rich.

There were earlier sewing-machines than Howe's, notably those of the Frenchman Thimmonier, which were made of wood, and those of the American Walter Hunt, who was the first to use a needle with its eye near the point. But Howe knew nothing of these, and his machine, which embodied several ingenious ideas, was the first of its kind to be widely used.

Howe's greatest difficulty was in threading the machine needle, and he always maintained that he had dreamed how to do that.

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL

Widow Madelon's Heroism

When the French fishermen and sailors pass the Kerdonis Rock lighthouse, Belle Ile, they salute it as the Widow Madelon's light.

Twenty-five years ago, as dusk was falling and the time to light the great lamp had come, her husband, the lighthouse keeper, about to mount to his nightly task, staggered and fell dying at her feet.

Her first thought was for him, but she had a higher duty to all men at sea. She called her two children to watch their father, and then climbed the iron ladder to the lamp.

She did not know how to set in motion the machinery which keeps the lenses revolving about the lantern; but there was hand machinery for an emergency, and to this she looked.

All night long the brave and desperate woman toiled at the handle, turning, turning, turning, till dawn. She kept the lighthouse beam flashing its warning for hour after hour.

Then at last she staggered down to where her husband lay, only just in time to close his eyes.

Now, twenty-five years after, the Widow Madelon's own light is quenched, her life ended. But the Widow Madelon's light still burns as brightly as ever in the memories of seamen.

AMERICA WILL NOT SUPPLY ARMS

Neutrality in War

HISTORIC DECISION

Before breaking-up for its holidays the American Congress passed resolutions to ensure the neutrality of their country in any war.

The most striking clause was one which ordered the President, who normally has exceptional powers during the recess, to declare an embargo upon the supply of munitions to any country engaged in war. This also prevents the President coming to a decision to help a combatant when he might consider it in America's interest to do so. At the President's wish, therefore, the instruction will cease to have effect on March 1.

Dramatic Action

This time limit, however, was not applied to a Munitions Control Board set up under another clause to deal with licences for the manufacture and export of arms. Congress also granted President Roosevelt power to deal with any ship suspected of carrying men or supplies to any ships engaged in hostilities, to prevent American citizens from travelling in belligerent ships except at their own risk, and to close the ports and coasts of the United States to the submarines of any country at war.

This dramatic action by America is of historic importance. How different the world would be today if these resolutions had been passed before 1914! It is a great step toward peace, and Congress clearly showed that it will return to this subject next year, not only for the purpose of securing America's absolute neutrality, but to do its best to "take the profit out of war."

FOUR VERY OLD MEN

East and West Meet

All over the world from China to Chile men and women, as Sir Arthur Smith Woodward reminded the geologists of the British Association, are searching for remains of their earliest ancestors.

But nowhere are there any more ancient than the Big Four: Pithecanthropus the Ape Man, discovered in Java nearly 50 years ago; the Heidelberg Man, found near Heidelberg; Eoanthropus the Dawn Man, found at Piltdown in Sussex; and the Peking Woman, Sinanthropus, lately discovered in China.

These are all sufficiently alike to give reason for supposing that the Earliest Men arose somewhere in Asia, and spread from there East and West.

The Peking Man (or Woman) made small stone implements by working flakes, cut deer antlers into short lengths to employ as handles for hammers, and was acquainted with the use of fire.

The Piltdown Man also made rough stone implements by flaking flints, worked bone, and lit fires. We might say of him that he lit a fire for mankind in England which has never since gone out.

A STRANGE PIT STORY

Among the strange work anecdotes of our time this seems to us to take a high place, because it concerns what was the foundation of British wealth.

At Swansea County Court not long ago the Judge granted a petition made by a group of miners, lately working at a certain colliery, for the compulsory winding-up of the company owning it. They did so because they could not obtain payment of a fortnight's money they had earned at the pit.

Who twenty years ago would have thought such a thing possible?

It has been estimated that the wages paid in South Wales today amount to not more than a third of those paid even in bad times 15 years ago.

By Appointment

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HOW OLD ARE YOU?

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Is it True That a Man is as
Old as He Feels?

DR WYNN JONES IS NOT SO SURE

The comforting thought that a man is only as old as he feels received some severe blows from the scientific examination of Dr LL. Wynn Jones when addressing the psychologists at the British Association.

Dr Jones showed that it was not very much use asking people when they began to feel old. An examination conducted some years ago in Germany by many German newspapers, when, at the request of a scientific man, readers were invited to say at what age they first noticed signs of growing old, showed many differences. The average age of thus beginning to feel old appeared to be 49; but it varied widely with the individual, some beginning to feel it at 18 and others putting it off till 82.

Best Ages For Athletes

The first signs of age recognised seem to be in the muscles, then the nerves, then the eyes and ears, then the skin and hair, then fatigue, and then increasing small ailments. Some of these are very hard to assess, but a beginning can be made with muscular abilities. What are the best ages for athletes?

A very exhaustive examination of athletic records shows the age at which the best performances in sports and games have been achieved. For the short-distance races of 100 yards to a quarter of a mile and for the long jump the best age is between 23 and 24.

For the longer foot races the best age is between 24 and 25, which is true also for the high jump and the hurdles. The pole vault and the long-distance run are a year older. A man is at his best at weight-lifting or throwing the hammer at 30 or 31.

The best age of a boxer is before he is 22, and of a wrestler before he is 23. The best Rugby footballers are below 24. Cricket is a curiosity. The middle age of the best batsman is 30 years, and so is that of a bowler of the highest class. But there are variations on either side of these figures, and the batsmen who have exceeded 3000 runs in a season show an average age of 34 years, though the youngest of them did it at 27 and the oldest at 44.

The Ability To Learn

More important than these faculties are those of the ability to learn. That of acquiring a language has been most carefully examined in America. The age rises from eight to 16 and probably to 20. It is then stationary to 25, and then drops very, very slowly to 35, and rather more rapidly but still very slowly to 45, or later. The ability to learn from 22 to 42 is a very slow decline; and no greater for inferior intelligence than for superior. There is comfort for older people in the decline of intellectual abilities generally.

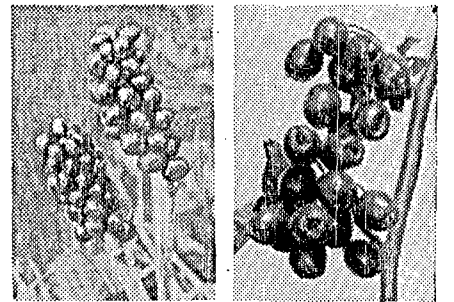
Sight and hearing are at their best in the teens, and sight is the first to show a very slight deterioration with age. But speed of reaction, even at the age of 50, is very slow to decrease, and intellectual ability still slower.

Dr Jones was kind enough to indicate that, though the old are apt to lose their memory of things that have recently happened and are not quick in what we call memorising, this is made up to them by the value of their past experience.

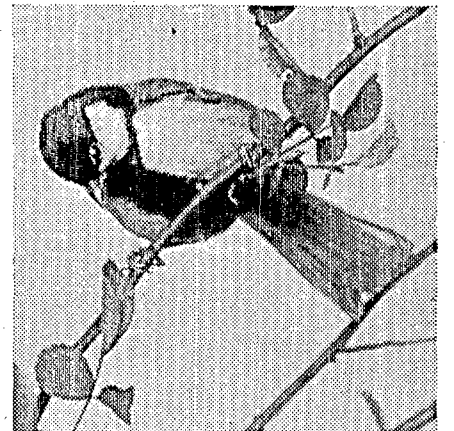
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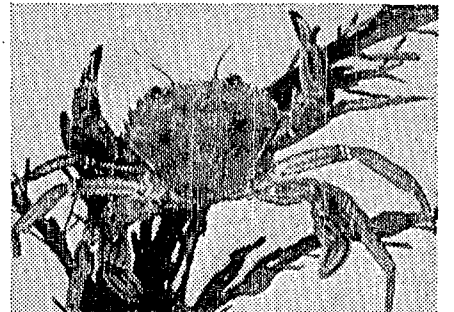
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



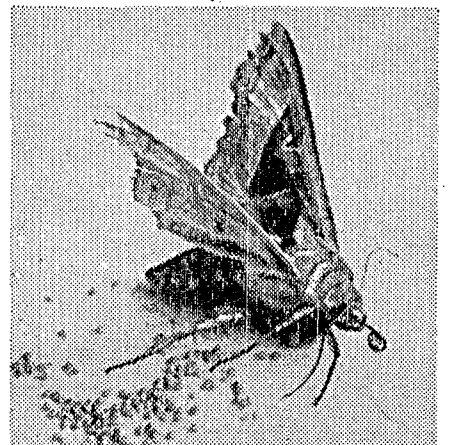
Two berries which brighten our hedgerows are the poisonous cuckoo-pint (left) and the hawthorn, a popular food of many birds



Great tits are useful in the warm September days by keeping down greenfly



The velvet swimming crab may be found hiding in rocky crevices

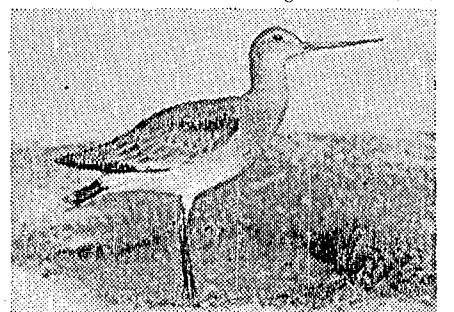


The common angle-shades moth is now to be seen



The emperor moth caterpillar has spun her cocoons

The nests of solitary wasps may be found among heather stems



The black-tailed godwit begins to migrate to warmer regions in the South

100 YEARS OF A GREAT MUSICIAN Camille Saint-Saëns

So many people are alive today who knew and talked with Charles Camille Saint-Saëns that it is surprising to realise that the centenary of his birth occurs this autumn.

This week Sir Henry Wood has celebrated it with a concert of his works, though the birthday is October 9.

Indeed it is not 14 years ago that he died in Algiers and was given a State funeral at the Madeleine in Paris, where for 20 years as a young man he had played the organ.

Like Mozart, whose music he loved so well, he was a child musician, but in much happier circumstances. One day he began, like many a baby, to touch the keys of a piano, and his grandmother told him their names. So delightful a game it was that the old lady sent for a tuner, and the piano, untouched for years, was used for his education.

A thrilling hour for him was that visit of the tuner, for he called out the name of every note as it was struck.

A Delightful Interpreter

At five Camille played Mozart's sonatas so well that the great painter Ingres sent him a medallion inscribed "To my little friend Saint-Saëns, a delightful interpreter of the divine Mozart." At ten he was in the French papers, which recorded his purity of tone and his amazing memory, playing without a score a programme that included concertos by Mozart and Beethoven and two works by Handel.

A delightful story is told of him when at 20 he played a duet he had written with Rossini, the most popular musician of his day. Both stood up after the performance, and the audience crowded up to congratulate Rossini on his new masterpiece.

"It is a masterpiece," said Rossini; "it was written by this young man."

A GREAT SHIP PASSES ON The Olympic's Last Voyage

At Southampton the splendid old Olympic awaits her fate.

Five hundred times she has crossed the Atlantic, and now may make only one voyage more, and that to the ship-breakers. It seems a melancholy fate for a floating city such as she has been, carrying thousands of people between the Old World and the New:

*In the bluest of summer skies,
Or the blackest of winter weather;
With the sea glassy smooth,
Or running mountains high.*

It is small consolation that she is the largest Transatlantic liner, over 46,000 tons, to come into the market for scrap-iron; and the biggest ever to be built in a British shipyard before the Queen Mary was laid down.

Many memories will survive her passing. She was the sister ship to the Titanic. She carried troops to the Dardanelles and brought Canadians and Americans over the ocean when the passage was infested with German submarines.

One of these she rammed; but we like better to remember that when the battleship Audacious struck a mine and sank off the Irish coast the Olympic stood by and rescued all but one of the crew.

BEEES PUT OUT LIGHT-BUOY

The lantern on a buoy in the Kyles of Bute, Firth of Clyde, was seen to be out. A lighthouse engineer was sent to discover the reason.

He found that a swarm of bees had settled on the lamp and that some of them, in trying to wriggle their way inside, had stopped up the air vents, and so had put out the light. This must be the first time that a light-buoy has been put out of action by bees.

GREENFLY PEST NATURE'S POLICE AFTER THEM

The Insects Which Do Our Garden Work For Us

THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS OF LIVES

With the exceptionally severe frosts of May, followed by fierce drought, our fruits and flowers this summer have had a hard life.

Scorched lawns, their roots devoured by leather-jackets, have been looking like pastures from which the hay has been cut; roses and other blooms have been infested with greenfly; pears have been dropping right and left, ruined by the grub of the pear midge.

If we had time and energy enough we could cleanse our plants of greenfly; if we sprayed as we should when the pear trees are in blossom we should kill the flies that lay the eggs from which the destructive grubs come. But there is not time for everything at once, and when we have leisure for spraying the young fruit has formed, and the grub is safely enclosed in it.

Our Only Safeguards

So bewildering is the rate at which greenfly multiply that, where they are left unchallenged by the gardener, the wonder is they do not drain all young growth dry, as frog-hoppers drain certain varieties of calceolarias, even to the complete stoppage of growth.

There is a providence for the gardener as well as for the greenfly. It takes the form of the insect's natural enemies. Birds help, especially when they have nestlings to feed; but nobody ever saw a rose-bush freed of these pests in this way, no matter how numerous the birds. The main check is other insects.

These act in two ways, indirectly by merely checking multiplication, as when an ichneumon fly lays its eggs in a greenfly; and directly, as when other insects eat it. In an unsprayed garden these are our only safeguards.

Unsought Allies

The process of greenfly increase is such that the insect when only two or three days old is mature and reproduces insects like itself, which in turn give rise to new generations. So tremendously rapid is this development of generations that it has been calculated that, were there no break in the process of multiplication, a single female greenfly in the six weeks of its existence might become the ancestor of 5900 million greenfly like itself.

Our unsought allies are hoverflies, which during their fortnight as grubs eat from 40 to 100 greenfly a day; ladybirds, which require 300 greenfly to carry them through the three-weeks larval stage, and ten a day as perfect insects; and the larvae of the beautiful lace-wing flies, each of which eats some 150 greenfly before transformation from a grub into a winged insect.

We never have enough of these little friends to rid us completely of the parasites on our flowers, but the work they do suffices to keep the plague within bounds; without them the untended flower garden would be bare.

THE HORSE GOES OUT

Even in Canada the horse is disappearing.

Soon the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police may drop the word mounted from its title. So much have conditions changed that out of the force of 2900 only 300 men are mounted.

Most of the men now travel in motor-cars, aeroplanes, and boats. The force now possesses more dogs than horses, and future recruits will not be trained in horsemanship, but will be taught the scientific side of the work.

my word - they're
GOOD

when you're full
of Channel Fog!

Those who pilot aeroplanes or drive coaches or trains, often carry a packet of Rowntree's Clear Gums with them. When these men are parched, when their job is beginning to get on their nerves, they find Rowntree's Clear Gums marvellously refreshing. And so will you! They really taste of real ripe fruit. Then there are Rowntree's Fruit Pastilles and Juicy-Fruits, softer in consistency but equally luscious. You must try the many true-to-fruit flavours, mixed conveniently in packets.

Sold loose and in packets, 6d. a quarter.

In tubes (Gums & Pastilles only), 2d.

Assorted Sampling Packets 3d. and 6d. containing all three consistencies in a wide variety of real-fruit flavours.

GOOD
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FRUIT FLAVOURS

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ENERGY
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THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED

Serial Story

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 19
A Stern Chase

THERE was a bulkhead in the hold at the stern of the barge. It seemed to Roger to have been hastily constructed and, from other appearances, by some amateur carpenter. But it struck him strangely for another odd reason: that the heavy cases piled and packed in this hold were so disposed as to leave just sufficient space, a mere body's breadth, for a man to reach it from the other end of the hold.

Very dark it had been down here, and foul to the nostrils, when eventually they had broken their determined way in, after searching every part of immediate access. But Roger's pocket torch had served them a trifle, then a lantern which Zachary had secured, with an axe, from the cubby-hole.

And so they had been pulled up at last by this bulkhead, where the space sufficiently widened to bring them abreast. Then Zachary's axe was raised to smash the raw timbers, when he stayed it, high in the air, and gripped Roger's wrist. Next his voice came out of him suddenly, trembling, high-pitched. "Aye, aye!" he screamed out. "Stand away, sir! We're here, sir! We're here, sir!"

Roger's ears were sharp, yet not sharp enough to have caught that faint sound behind the bulkhead which Zachary had caught. Yet at the shout Roger trembled violently. "It's my father!" he gasped.

"Now, easy, lad; easy!" bade Zachary, immediately calming himself and beginning to search for some door in the bulkhead.

He found one, but its bolts had been reinforced by heavy wooden struts nailed across and across. "H'm! This morning's work," he uttered under his breath; then, "Within there? Stand clear! I'm breaking through!" he called out, and while Roger held torch and lantern he set to, plying his axe with great swinging strokes, and wrenching at the rending wood with his fingers, until he had cut a passage through to a figure dimly discernible.

"Now you, lad," he uttered gently, dropping his axe. "I'll be standing by. Sing out if you want me." And he disappeared into the shadows of the hold. "For it weren't for the likes of me," he told Nicole afterwards, "to pry on that coming together of father and son."

So there he waited among the great cases and crates, and long minutes passed before the lantern reappeared, with Roger assisting a man who groined painfully forward.

"Can you manage?" Zachary inquired. "Nay, lad, here's the way!" And, picking Colonel Greyson up in his arms with as little ado as though the burden were nothing, he carried him up the ladder into the sunshine. "And I've something here that'll do you good, sir," he murmured, as he set Roger's father down and produced a bottle. "If you'll take a sip, sir, then we'll help you down to the launch."

With broken words the rescued man tried to thank him. But he brushed them aside. "They'll keep, sir," he smiled. "I'll be doing." Then, dropping into the launch, "Now, Nicole," he bade that astonished man, "stop jibbering about miracles, and seeing as I can't jump from barge to barge you take me to the one in front—and look slippy."

Which Nicole did, and when Zachary showed up again it was to find that the Colonel had been got down into the launch and disposed comfortably on the cushions in the covered "state-room" aft, where, thanks to his wiry frame and strong constitution, he soon began to show signs of vigour reviving. Indeed, presently, as his voice grew stronger, he insisted on talking a little, and, leaving the state-room, sank into one of the seats behind Nicole in order that Nicole, who was driving their craft on at half-speed, might hear what was said.

"I could breathe well enough, for they knocked up a species of air-shaft; but though my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness I couldn't see much except when they brought in my food. Oh, no, they didn't start starving me until last night. Then this morning," the Colonel continued, "they brought me nothing but a jug of water. I was thirsty, but I managed to keep my lips from it, for both men looked strangely agitated and—" He had hesitated. "Well, in fact," he said, with a shiver, "that jug of water reminded me too forcibly of their chewing gum. I must tell you about Leaman's chewing gum—"

Zachary, who had been watching him, broke in abruptly. "Nay, don't overdo it, Colonel. Rest a bit first," he urged. "We're holding on up the river, as you'll have noticed. Aye, we've left the barges to look after themselves. But they'll come to no harm, for they can't run away, and if they did 'twould be Leaman's loss and not yours, Colonel. For tis plain as pike that those bitter scoundrels have robbed you." He touched Nicole's shoulder. "Let her rip, Nicole!" he breathed.

So Nicole let the big launch "rip." She tore through the water, which fell in white swathes from her bows and swirled past her sides. Until presently Zachary gave the order to ease down again and addressed Colonel Greyson.

"Figuring that Leaman and Pesketh had been living more or less on the fore barge," he said, "I took the liberty of searching its cubby-hole, and I came across one thing dropped behind in their hurry. He disclosed a crumpled telegram."

"Hark how it reads, Colonel! *Cabin Lima boat reserved for you as requested. Signed by the ship's agent at Northaven!*"

Roger's father gave a start. "Then why not," he exclaimed, "leave the launch and intercept the rogues across country?"

"Aye, I've pondered that, too," answered Zachary, shaking his head, as his hand went to the Shipping Gazette in his pocket. "But their boat don't sail till after midday tomorrow, and; by your leave, Colonel, I'd fain rather follow by water."

"By the river and the canal junction?"

"For sure, sir. Less likely to miss them. I knows my river, and if you'll trust it to me, Colonel, I'll guarantee to get you in before dawn. But I'll guarantee nothing by land, for the land ain't my home, as I might say. Moreover," he urged, "we've got the pull on them scoundrels, who not knowing as how I caught Fetlock don't know that we're after them. Aye, and furthermore, their boat ain't much of a mover, not from Fetlock's account she ain't, sir; while ours can fair fly."

Over his shoulder Nicole panted, "Trust him! He knows, Colonel!"

"I shouldn't have much sense if I didn't," Colonel Greyson acknowledged.

"Handsome spoken, sir," rejoined Zachary, with a grave dignity.

CHAPTER 20

The Colonel Explains

COLONEL GREYSON was reflecting. "So it's Lima they're bound for," he uttered. "They aim to get inland, into Bolivia or Paraguay perhaps, and live there like fighting cocks on my money!"

The river was as deserted as always up here; there were no craft which overtook them and none which came down; the breeze in the trees on the banks, the wash of the water, and the steady drone of their engine were all that was audible. From the look of it their big launch might have been on a pleasure trip, instead of biding its time to leap forward and fall on its enemy.

On a sudden Roger exclaimed, "What has become of Hagan?"

"He is on his way with his wife to Kenya," replied Colonel Greyson. "I sent them ahead some time ago to make ready for us. That was a terrible mistake as events have turned out, Roger. But naturally I trusted Leaman and Pesketh."

"Father, what made them rob you?" "Ah, I asked them that, of course, while I was their prisoner. But their barefaced admission staggered me. I must admit! When Leaman was sent over from America on my affair he was taken around and entertained in London by the man in charge of the English firm's part, namely Pesketh. Both are highly trusted servants—and a pair of unscrupulous rascals!" exploded the Colonel. "Like drifts to like," he continued, recovering himself. "So it wasn't long before each rogue detected the other one's colour, and secret. Yes, each was finished unless he could get hold of big money."

"So," the Colonel resumed, "they plotted to get it from me. And, as Leaman was furnished with his firm's authority to draw on a London bank for the funds to pay me in due course, their way was made smooth for them. All they had to do was to pay me, secure my receipts (which would keep them straight with their firms), then recover the money for themselves by a trick."

"But what I can't understand," Roger broke out, "is how they could ever expect to get away with it."

Then Colonel Greyson threw light on a great deal of darkness. "Well," he

answered, "remember that Hagan and Martha had gone, leaving me, as Leaman supposed, all alone in the world!"

"But, sir," said Roger, "those scoundrels said that you had told them about me!"

"So I had. But only too late in the day, Roger. All the time they were hatching their plot," Colonel Greyson said, "they had not the faintest idea that you existed." He paused, watching comprehension dawning upon Roger's face.

"On July the 29th," the Colonel went on, "I was in the little sitting-room at the Crab Apple when Leaman and Pesketh called. As it happened I was in the middle of a letter to you, promising to meet your usual train on Wednesday at the Halt. I pushed that letter to one side and had the men shown up. They told me, as I had expected, that they were come to complete, and they were going on to say what a good job they had made of the business when Leaman, who had sat down beside me at the table with his papers, must have caught sight of that letter and read a few words of it. For this is what happened."

"As Pesketh finished what he was saying Leaman gave a loud yawn (some signal, I dare say, to leave the talking to him). At any rate, Pesketh lay back, and Leaman began to ask in a pleasant way whether I had a son. I told him I had. I told him I was just writing you, and he led me on to talk a bit more about you, and to let out that you didn't know what had been happening because you were so attached to the Priory, Roger, that I had not the heart to break the news yet to you. And I even showed him that snapshot of our Easter cruise; you remember, with myself standing at our ship's rail."

"I suppose," the Colonel sighed, turning to Zachary, "that I was too much the proud father, eh? Only that can account for it. For I'd had no cause even to mention Roger to them before that ill moment. And that was the first time as well that I spoke to them of Hagan. All they knew before of Hagan and Martha was that I had had two servants of that name who had departed."

As bit by bit his father unravelled the riddle Roger nodded understandingly.

The Colonel continued. "I saw Leaman glancing at Pesketh as he asked me when I expected you to arrive. 'The day after tomorrow,' I told them, little suspecting. You see what a spoke this sudden news put into their wheel! For their plan was cut and dried—to pay me the money; secure the receipts; rob me; spirit me away (giving out, if need be, that they had seen me off to Kenya); then ship the crates at their leisure and disappear with their booty. But with you on the spot this plan would tumble to pieces!"

"So they altered their plan, Father?"

"In detail but not in the essential. For they must ship the house, you see, to keep themselves out of danger from their employers. But now they had you to reckon with also! Not only must they hold me while they were getting the crates shipped, but they must also send you to the right-about by force or by fraud, Roger."

"Yes. They tried both," said Roger.

"Very well. Get back to the Crab Apple, then. Pesketh smiled away (he had always a smile on his lips) and said that my money and the receipt-forms were on the barges, so, as they wished to take them down to Mischurch next day, they'd be glad if I'd come straight along and finish the business. So I left them and went off to my bedroom for some documents, and when I came out they were waiting for me."

"I can guess what happened!" cried Roger. "While you were out of the sitting-room, Father, Leaman sneaked that snapshot and your unfinished letter to me!"

"He did! But how could I have suspected it? 'Come on,' they cried; 'we've a car waiting.' So away we all went. And in their cabin on the barge they paid me the money. And I signed and returned their receipts. The money took the form of drafts at sight, which only required my signature to be cashed. No doubt Leaman is equal to imitating that."

"He is," observed Roger.

"All was finished. I placed the money away in my breast pocket. Then Leaman produced a packet of chewing gum. He begged me to try some. I didn't want the vile stuff, but he looked so hurt and went on pressing me so that I took a piece to please him. And then as he was speaking he seemed to dissolve into a mist, and his voice sounded from a long distance, and the cabin span round and round, and after that all became darkness. The gum was hiccussed. Before I came round they had taken the drafts from me and tied me up."

TO BE CONCLUDED

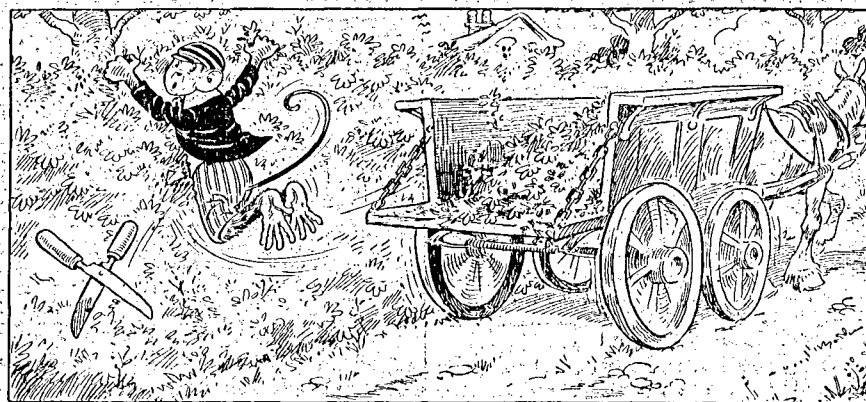
JACKO IN THE COUNTRY

WHEN Jacko's Aunt Amelia bought a cottage in the country she invited her nephew to pay her a visit.

Jacko was delighted with everything at first, but he soon began to get bored. He wanted something to do, and said so.

Grandma Jacko was staying there too, and she quite agreed. "There'll be mischief on hand if the lad's not occupied," she murmured uneasily.

Aunt Amelia solved the problem.



Jacko clung to the hedge

"Our next-door neighbour is clipping his hedges," she said. "Perhaps he will let Jacko help him. That will keep him happy for a bit," she added.

"It may," said Grandma hopefully.

The farmer seemed quite glad to accept some help, and Jacko was delighted to find the job so easy. A horse and cart was drawn up by the roadside, and all he had to do was to stand on the cart to cut the hedge and let the clippings fall on to it.

"When you've done one patch," explained the farmer, "you just holloa out to Dobbin to pull up to the next."

Jacko worked so slowly that the horse went to sleep. He was enjoying a pleasant nap when Jacko suddenly started to sing.

Unluckily Dobbin mistook the noise for his signal to move on—and Jacko was promptly jerked right off his balance. "Whoa! Stop!" he yelled.

But the horse marched on, while Jacko clung helplessly to the hedge, with both legs dangling in the air.

"Help!" he squealed as a nettle stung his toes.

There was a bed of them below.

"I can't drop down on that!" he groaned.

Crying "Here goes!" he swung himself right over the hedge, landing in a field on the other side.

Unfortunately the hedge ran for a quarter of a mile, and was so thick that there was no way through.

By the time Jacko got back the horse and cart had disappeared!

The farmer knew where they were, but he had had enough of Jacko's help!

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—and so are ducks,
—and so are YOU

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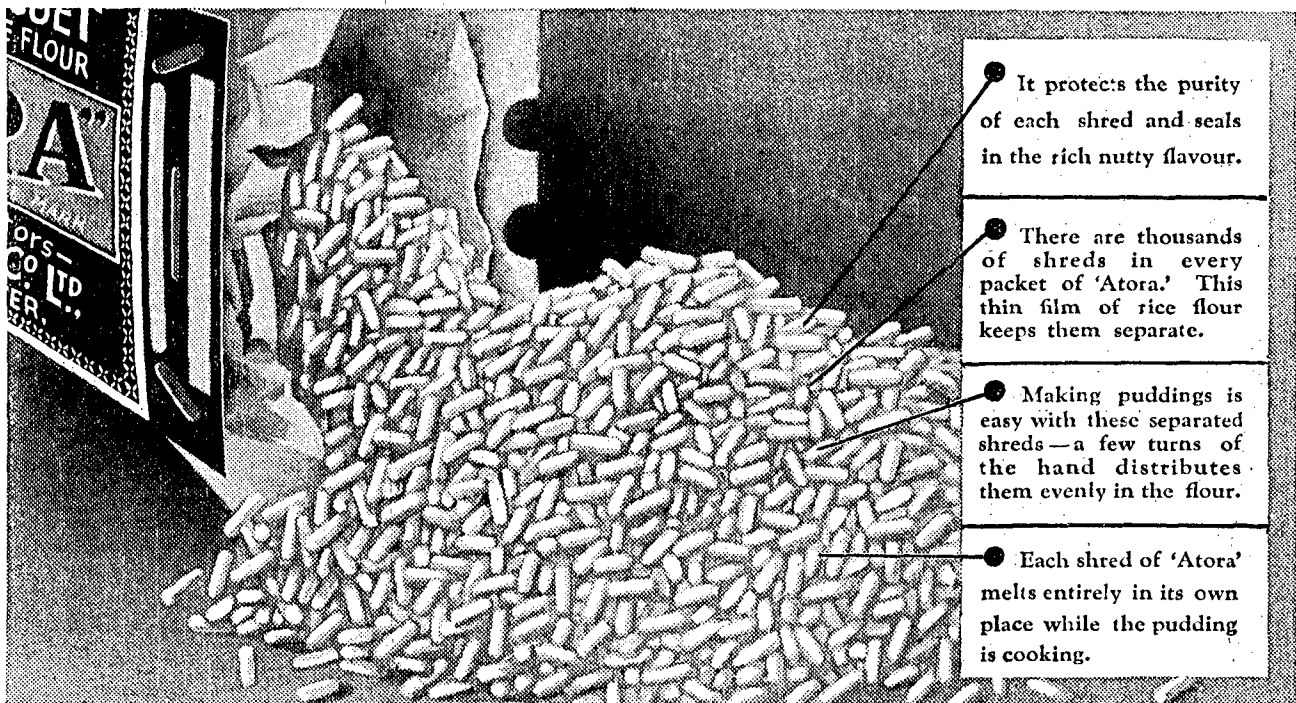
Ask to see my approvals. Send 1½d. postage and receive **FREE**—Fictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland (large stamps), set of newly issued Canada (including Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union of S. Africa set, including re-issue of 2d. pictorial, Straits & Malay (new colours), Ruanda-Urundi Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders of stamp collectors' addresses receive an extra set. Now 72-page list price 1d. 100 U. Colonials. 1½d. postage. **C. N. WATKINS, Granville Rd., BARNET.**

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Making puddings is easy with these separated shreds—a few turns of the hand distributes them evenly in the flour.

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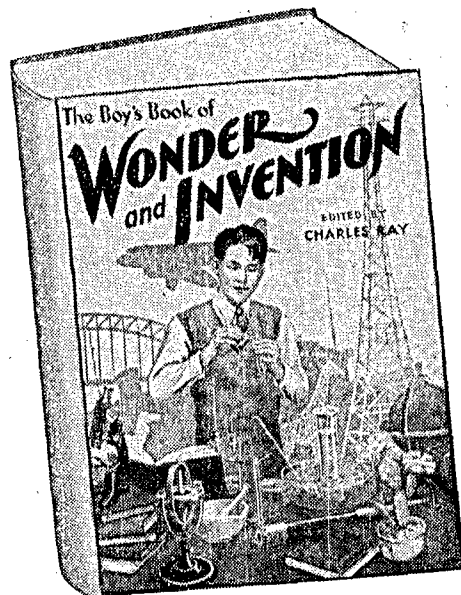
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N.27

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September 7, 1935

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Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

The Flock of Sheep

A FRIEND asked Farmer Giles how many sheep he possessed. "If you take a quarter of the number and add to that one-third of the number and then take ten from the result," he replied, "you will have just half the number of sheep in my flock."

How many sheep were there?

Answer next week

How To Grow Rich

TOM: Why is a pound note worth more than a golden sovereign?

Dick: But it isn't!

Tom: Well, anyway, when you fold it you double it and when you unfold it again you find it increases.

Ask This at Breakfast Time

WHAT is the smallest room? Now say!

I saw one only yesterday.

I somehow feel that you will guess—

The answer is "a mushroom," yes!

Upside Down

It occasionally happens that printers make mistakes when printing stamps. Stamp collectors are very keen to secure these misprinted stamps and will pay high prices for them. The stamp illustrated here shows the head of Maximo Gomez, the revolutionary leader, printed upside down on a Cuban 2 cent stamp.



A Flower Puzzle

TAKE half a European country that has become an independent nation since the war, add a letter that asks a question, then an indefinite article, two-thirds of the definite article, and a pronoun, and you have a well-known flower. What is it?

Answer next week

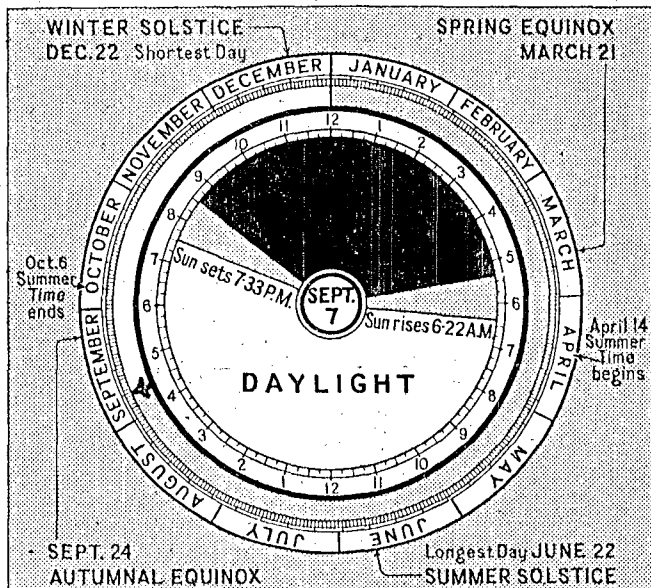
Help

RENT COLLECTOR: I'm to give you warning that the landlord is going to raise your rent. Tenant: That's good news, because I can't raise it myself.

On Hanging Pictures

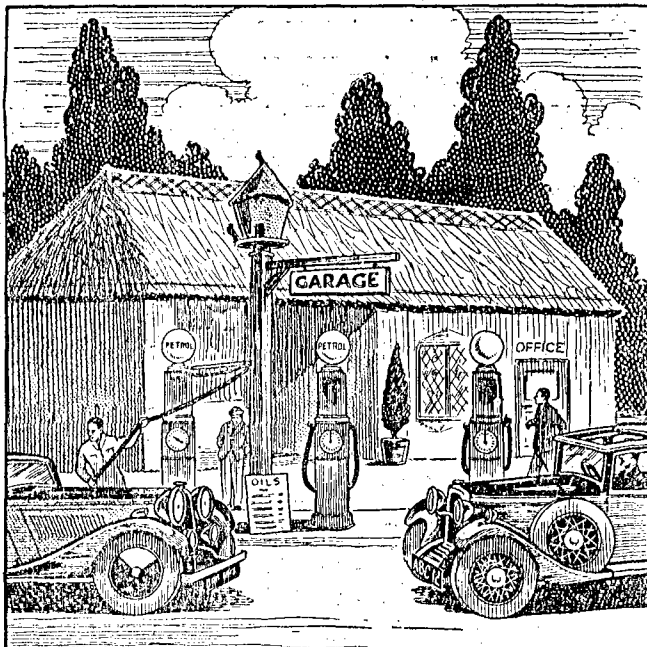
WHEN hanging a picture avoid placing it opposite a window or a door through which light enters. Light on the glass obscures the picture. Oil paintings should never be hung over a mantelpiece as the heat from the fire is liable to crack the paint and thus ruin the picture.

The CN Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 7. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

A Filling-Station Observation Test



LOOK at this picture for two minutes, making a mental note of as many details as possible. Then cover the picture to hide it from view and see how many of the questions in column three you can answer.

Hidden Boats

THIS puzzle square holds the names of ten kinds of ocean-going craft, large and small. Most of the names are descriptive of the rig—they are the names of various types of sailing vessels. One or two are more general. All names are spelled partly across the square and partly down it. See if you can find all ten.

B R I S C H I O
A R G E L I O
S Q Y A C P N
L U E W H P E
O G G L T A R
O P E S T O P
M A R M A C K

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Une épave wreck
Le roitelet wren
Une aile wing

Le navire n'est plus qu'une épave.
Le roitelet chante sur la branche.
L'oiseau ouvre ses ailes et vole.

He Drowns Them

BINKS: Young Moneybags spends money like water.

Banks: And so, I suppose, liquidates his debts?

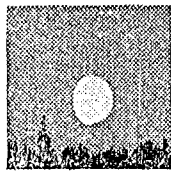
Curtailment

COMPLETE, a privilege I am;
Curtailed, I on the altar stand;
Curtailed again, I am a head;
Once more, and I'm in Ireland;
A last curtailment being made,
A parent then is near at hand.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mars and Jupiter are in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Uranus is in the East. In the morning none is visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, September 10.



A Filling-Station Observation Test
PLEASE look at the picture at the top of the page before reading farther. Having done so, test your powers of observation by seeing how many of these questions you can answer.

Have both cars bumpers?
Has the car on the left wire or disc wheels?
Is the other car a tourer or a saloon?
Which car is carrying a spare wheel?
What is the number of the right-hand car?
How many pumps are there?
Are they all labelled Petrol?
Which pump has a swing arm?
Has the garage a roof of slate, tile, or thatch?
How many people are shown?
In which car is the driver seated?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Moving Day. Seven cows only. The four heads at one side belonged to the same animals as the four tails at the other side.

Dean Swift's Riddle

The vowels a, e, i, o, u

A Picture Puzzle Proverb. Your, have, and, eat, can, knot, it, ewe, cake—You cannot eat your cake and have it.

Can You Read This? If the grate be empty put coal on, but if the grate be full stop putting coal on.

What Am I? A clock
The CN Cross Word Puzzle

L	A	R	K	E	A	G	L	E	S	H	E	D
A	D	O	E	L	M	E	A	T	Y	E	A	R
R	A	I	S	L	E	D	R	E	A	M	A	R
V	E	R	S	E	N	A	G	A	R	N	U	T
A	N	L	A	D	D	E	R	A	T	I	N	S
S	M	E	A	R	M	A	D	D	E	D		
O	U	R	A	T	I	O	N	S	Y	E	W	
R	E	S	E	T	E	T	C	O	V	E	R	T

Tales Before Bedtime

The Twins

DADDY was very fond of his garden, and nearly every summer evening, the Twins watched him digging and planting or cutting the grass.

As soon as they were able to walk they followed him about with their little wheelbarrows, helping him to tidy up by trundling off with the weeds to the bonfire.

Daddy was as pleased to see his twin flowers growing up so useful as he was with his beautiful garden, and one day, when Anne and Margaret were three years old, he gave them each a little garden for their birthday.

Armed with small rakes and forks and trowels—just like Daddy's—Anne and Margaret set to work, hoeing up the weeds, learning the names of the flower-seeds they sowed, and putting a little label to show where everything was.

And oh, what excitement when the first seedlings appeared! And how tenderly they watered them.

And then one day their pleasure was all gone, for Mummy had fallen ill and had to be taken to a nursing-home.

Anne and Margaret felt very sad and lonely, even with Auntie Hilda looking after them, and they quite forgot their gardens.

But when Daddy came home after tea he cheered them up again.

"Mummy will soon be better," he said; "and, listen! I have a grand idea. When we all go to see her in a week's time you two must pick her a bunch of flowers from your own gardens."

Anne and Margaret were happy at once.

"We'll give Mummy the very best flowers we've got," whispered Anne that night in the nursery.

"We will," said Margaret. "Roses and lavender, pinks and snapdragons, daisies and love-in-a-mist..." And then they were fast asleep.

When the day for their visit came the Twins were out in the garden quite early.

"Let's pick the same from your garden and mine," said Margaret, "because we are twins, and our flowers are growing up twins too."

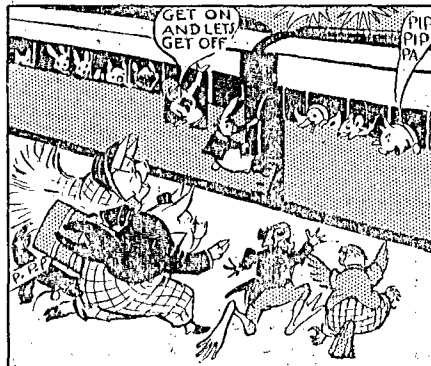
And that's what they did. How glad they were when they tiptoed into Mummy's room and found her sitting up in bed having tea. She had a pretty flush on her cheeks and didn't look a bit ill.

After she had kissed and hugged the Twins tight she looked at the beautiful bunch of flowers and then buried her face in them.

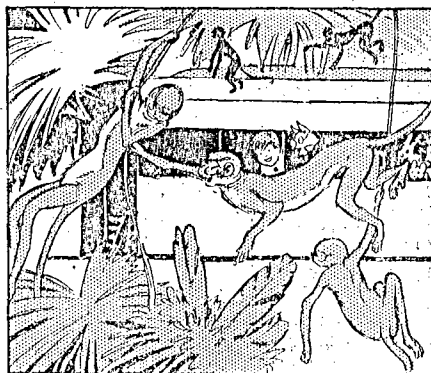
"They are the loveliest flowers I've ever had," she said. "Except for two roses called Margaret and Anne."

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

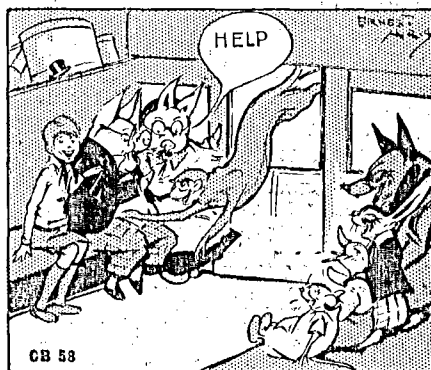
The Cocoa Bean Express



The Cococubs are leaving Africa. What a scramble to get everything packed! They all run to the station, just in time to catch Cadburys Cocoa Bean Express, which will take them to the seashore.



After a fast run the train had to stop for more water to be put in the engine. The Cococubs didn't mind, because they were watching a great crowd of monkeys swinging in the trees.



Suddenly a monkey shot right through the carriage window! "Hullo," he said, "I'm Monty Monkey." After the Cococubs had explained where they were going, Monty decided to become a Cococub too!

All Boys & Girls love CADBURYS Milk Chocolate

Look out for further adventures